JOHN BULL, JUNE 20, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1305.

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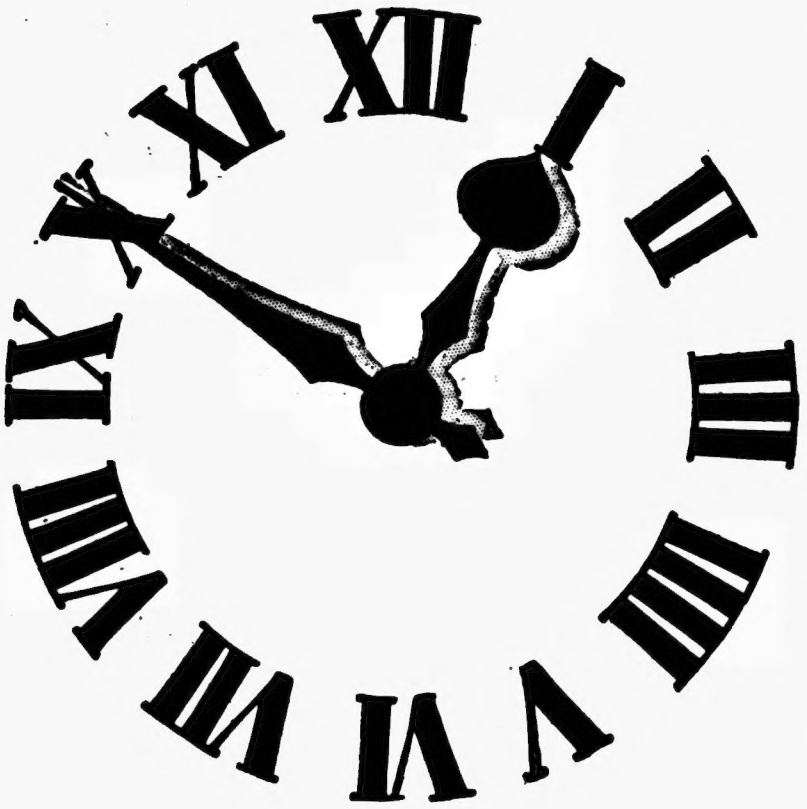

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AGENTS wanted to run Xmas Club for Chocs., Fancy Goods and Cigs. The best comm. paid. Leading makes only and no disappointments. Cat. and full partics. free.—Walker's Reliance Club, Bowland Street, Bradford.

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Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

AGENTS WANTED.—Xmas Choc. Clubs. Big Cash Prizes. Free Gifts. Free Chocs. Enterprise Confectionery Co., Thornton Rd., Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED in all large towns (London excepted) for genuine exclusive household line with enormous scope. Territories filling quickly. Send now P.O. 2/- for sample and terms.—The Lenor Trading Co., 39, Broadway, E.15.

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FREE.—A specimen copy of THE EXCHANGE & MART, the famous weekly for Bargains. Send P.C. to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

You will find 12 designs for Trade Marks. All you have to do is to put them in what you think to be the order of merit. It is a competition that decides itself.

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A FREEHOLD MODERN HOUSE built in a district to be mutually agreed upon. It will comprise Two Reception Rooms, Kitchen - Living Room, Three Bedrooms, Bath Room with hot and cold water, Lavatory, etc. Electric Light and power will be provided for and gas will also be laid. The full title to freehold will be vested in the winner.

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In addition, a Consolation Prize of a substantial OAK BEDROOM SUITE—Value 14 Guineas—will be given by EACH OF JAY'S BRANCHES TO THE LOCAL COMPETITOR whose list is nearest to the winner.

500 NUMEROUS OTHER PRIZES. No entrance fee. Nothing to buy. Everyone can enter.

"The Venetian" Three-piece Suite in New Marble Effect Velour and Embossed Repine. A most beautiful design, fully sprung substantial Frames.
CASH PRICE 16 GNS. OR 8/- Monthly

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AN "UNDERWOOD" PORTABLE TYPEWRITER for 21/- down. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 23 for further particulars.

READERS' attention is drawn to the special offer made by GAMAGES in the advt. on page 31.

SEVERAL CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by HERCULES (p. 12), ROBEY (p. 30).

REJUVENATE YOUR RAZOR BLADES with a "SHARPEX" SHARPENER. Write for booklet to the address given in the advt. on page 28. Be sure to mention *John Bull*.

4-VALVE Screened Grid Suitcase Portable for Real Hide. Mullard Valves. All British and Continental Stations. Cost 22 gns. Price £9 cash only. Guaranteed and Carriage Paid.—Pioneer, 164, Shaftesbury Av., London, W.C.1.

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A FREE HOUSE! Readers' attention is announced drawn to the Free Competition announced in JAY'S FURNISHING STORES in the large advt. on this page. Send for particulars now.

A WEEK'S FREE SUPPLY of COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM is offered in the advt. on page 14.

FREE, £50 first prize and other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be accompanied by a label from a portion of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE or other commodities mentioned in the advt. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Note closing date is Friday, June 26, 1931.

ANOTHER QUICK "PRESERVENE" COMPETITION, £500 in prizes. Closing date June 26, 1931. See advt. on page 27.

A Generous FREE SAMPLE of "SANITAS" FLUID, the famous Disinfectant, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 28.

SEND the coupon in the advt. on page for a week's SAMPLE TUBE of "EUTHYMOL" TOOTH PASTE.

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No Deposit

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial, 25/6. On Metro Band, 20/-.

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Why endure dusty carpets? These easily cleaned squares are a boon to every Home!

12/6 CARRIAGE PAID **Granoleum Square**

Our "Super-Gran." Quality.
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The squares are beautifully bordered and have artistic carpet effects in blue, red, fawn and brown. State colour required.
Packing and carriage free.

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NOTE NEW LOW PRICES **90 SQ.FT. for 15/-**

DAMP AND ROT PROOF specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fixing.

PAROLEUM
(all rolls 2 yards wide)
Many Pretty Patterns to choose from.

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BEAUTIFUL HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE. 75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS. **30/-**

From recent letters—'Just lovely,' 'Worth £5,' 'Excellent materials,' 'Highly satisfied,' 'Beautifully made,' 'Delightful bargain,' etc.

Expectant Mothers! Don't buy or attempt to make until you have seen my bargain. Silk and Wool Shawl Robes, R'slips, Lawn or Wincey-ette Day Gowns, Longcloth or Flan. Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Binders, Long Back Pinnafores (Barras or Beds), Pilch-es, Wool Knitted Matinee Coats, Terry Napkins, Bibs, etc. Testimonials daily from delighted mothers and nurses prove this bargain unequalled. SENDS/- for parcel on approval (Bal. cash or terms).

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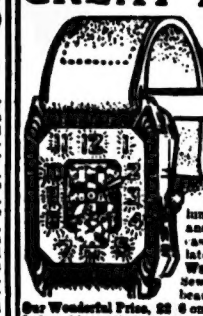

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Amazing Offer. Very Rich Grade Gent's Wrist Watches. Bankrupt Stock of large West End House. Fully Jewelled, dead accurate, hand assembled movement, made by famous firm watchmakers, with best luminous dial and seconds hand. Damp and dust proof. WHITE GOLD effect case, ever shining and stainless, in latest round or oblong shapes. Fully Warranted 5 years. Wide Real Leather Sewn Strap. Most reliable timekeeper, beautifully made. Unrepeatable at Our Wonderful Price, 22/6 only. Or sent on receipt of 1/6, balance 1/6 weekly until 25/6 is paid. Send Now. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self measure form to:—

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THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

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You will be delighted at the values offered.

WE HEREBY GUARANTEE that any article purchased from us will satisfy you perfectly; that it will give you the service you have a right to expect, and that it represents good value for the price you pay. If for any reason you are dissatisfied with anything you buy from us—WE GUARANTEE—to accept its return and to exchange it for exactly what you want if returned within seven days.

No. 1001E.
Ladies' Sterling Silver Wrist Watch, on Morocco Leather Strap. POST FREE. **10/-**

This dainty little model in sterling silver is a first-class time keeper, and one that will be a credit to any lady who wears it. New shape case.

"LA MILITAIRE."—A Ladies' Light-weight Waterproof. The collar, the cuff tab, the lapels, the edge of the facings are piped with White, giving that smart military effect. Colours: Red, Blue, Fawn and Uhanamon. Sizes: 38 to 44 ins. State size and colour when ordering.

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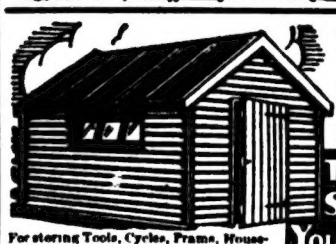

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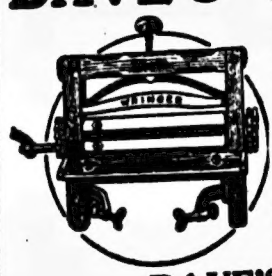

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Greatest Crisis Since the War

Douglas-Pennant Revelation

A Wicked Society Leech

IF Germany crashes, the world is faced with the gravest social situation since the war.

The first and most serious indication of the economic crisis is now to be found in the shipment of gold from Germany to London.

Faced by a drastic depreciation in currency, the German Reichsbank has had to send large quantities of gold to the Bank of England to support the Exchange.

* * *

So serious was the position that at one time this gold was sent at the rate of £1,000,000 a day.

Such a drain cannot continue for long. Unless America will agree to a reconsideration of the whole question of war-debt, on which hangs any possibility of reparations revision, a big crash in Germany is inevitable.

And if Germany goes crash, the rest of the world will suffer.

The tremendous effect of such a calamity, with its probable accompaniment of revolution and suffering, is graphically shown by Mr. A. G. Gardiner in an arresting article on page 9.

Big beet mystery

Look out next week for the Ministry of Agriculture report on the sugar-beet subsidy!

The fact that £22,000,000 has been spent may slip through Parliament like a whiff of cigarette-smoke.

It will be presented in such a way that there can be no discussion—unless someone demands it.

But where has this colossal sum gone? How much has been soaked up in dividends, directors' fees, and extraordinary overhead charges? Are the companies now self-supporting?

We suggest that M.P.s of all Parties get busy at once.

Still on top

Here are some red-hot bankers' figures that tell their own story.

The total of our private long-term investments abroad is no less than £4,000,000,000. America's foreign investments amount only to £2,850,000,000, and other countries are not in the picture at all.

We are, in fact, by far the world's best lenders.

Closer scrutiny shows, too, that our trade is not so bad as it looks. Our total exports of *manufactured* goods last year exceeded those of any other country—including America, with its 130,000,000 inhabitants.

Man for man, we've got the world beaten.

Robot ousts solicitors

Photographic reproduction of wills has been adopted in the Principal Probate Registry at the instance of the Treasury.

Charges for the copies of wills have been much reduced to the public, and in most cases an engrossment copy is not now required when applying for probate.

The saving to the Treasury amounts to about £1,500 a year. In fact, the only people displeased by the change are the solicitors whose costs are cut.

The Law Society is protesting, but the Treasury stands firm.

Wonder-engine

After twelve years' work, Mr. J. F. J. Malone, a Newcastle engineer, has perfected an engine which he claims will run almost without noise and at a great speed.

Details of this revolutionary invention, which has cost over £100,000 in experiments, will appear during the coming autumn.

Only a small furnace is required to produce the gas by which the engine is driven, and there is no boiler.

Important commercial developments are expected.

By the heels

The five years' sentence passed by the Italian Court on Gialdini, the associate of Hatry in enormous share frauds committed in Britain, is a vindication of the newer spirit of international justice.

It is reassuring to know that these pitiless alien rogues, no matter how wealthy, can no longer shelter themselves behind a loose international code.

It is a new fear in the hearts of aliens that they can no longer rob at their ease and run away. The Gialdini case and Italy's action is a powerful world precedent.

Unlucky twice

Creditors of bankrupts usually have a thin time—and their bad luck is often rubbed in by the excessive amount of assets swallowed up in the bankruptcy proceedings.

He rubbed it in

In a case which Mr. S. S. Hammersley, M.P., has brought to the notice of the President of the Board of Trade, fees and expenses amounted to £380, to get in a sum of £950.

If the costs of liquidating bankrupt estates are to amount to 40 per cent. of the total value, it is time that the Board of Trade took steps to cheapen the process.

Thirteen

The League of Nations has a lot of expensive crank committees that are not doing its prestige any good.

One of them is the Committee on Calendar Reform, which owes its existence largely to a few transatlantic fanatics.

They want to shorten the months to twenty-eight days, create a new one called Sol, and make other purposeless changes.

This monkeying with the calendar would mean revising every reference-book and millions of legal and other documents—besides upsetting all our birthdays.

British experts are dead against it, and no wonder.

A bad old woman

"Queenie Gerald," ex-chorus girl, otherwise known as the Hon. Mrs. Geraldine Gaynor, has received a substantial sum from eighty-one-year-old Lord Kimberley as compromise in her threatened claim of £10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

She now talks of publishing her memoirs; but if that were allowed and she told the truth she would reveal herself as one of the most infamous women on the shady side of Society.

She is now old, and should seek seclusion. Time was when JOHN BULL denounced her as a public menace. We trust it will never again be necessary to turn back to that black page.

Microbe traps

Since H.M.S. *Warspite* was recommissioned in January, 1929, there have been thirteen cases of tuberculosis in that ship. Two of the men have died and eleven have been invalided out of the Service—three of them without pensions.

It is decidedly odd that a disease which is slowly being mastered among the civilian population should take such a toll among a crew of picked men in the prime of life in an occupation which has always been regarded as being particularly healthy.

If naval ships incubate tuberculosis in this way, it is time something drastic was done to make them more healthy.

Name the woman!

Certain people in high places are beginning to feel badly scared.

Encouraged by ex-Inspector Syme's fine achievement in at last gaining justice, there is to be a surprise reopening of the Douglas-Pennant case.

When Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant was dismissed from her high position in the W.R.A.F., JOHN BULL was the first to demand a thorough investigation of the mysterious circumstances and the charges against her.

* * *

After years of work, a special committee has just discovered exactly what these charges were.

The name of the woman who laid them—a relation of a war-time Cabinet Minister—will be revealed at a public meeting which will be held at the Central Hall, Westminster, London, on July 6.

Rival to Wilkins

Secret preparations are well advanced for a series of daring flights over the Himalayas, the highest range of mountains in the world.

The leader of the enterprise is Lieut-Col. James Stewart, a British Army officer, and the object in view is to develop an aerial trade outlet for China through India to avoid the increasing domination of China's trade by Russia.

A detailed aerial survey of unexplored territory is to be made by machines which will have to fly at heights as great as five miles.

Get on with it

Once again the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is faced with a serious crisis, and the result of next week's annual meeting may reshape the whole concern.

Gower is right

One fighting section of the society is out to damn vivisection and blood sports. Others are satisfied with the present order.

Sir Robert Gower, the chairman, is right in urging all members to attend the meeting.

The matter must be settled, even at the risk of a division in the ranks, so that the main work of preventing common, wanton cruelty can go forward.

Substitute towns

Important developments are probable in the near future with regard to Government schemes for preliminary clearance combined with founding new "substitute towns."

* * *

The proposal is to choose areas where Government factories and overcrowded dwelling-houses are close together, and induce both tenants and factory-owners to agree to move to some outside locality.

The plan is to transfer the factories to the new site and build new houses around them. The old site could then be cleared.

A committee for carrying out this scheme is to be appointed with large capital sums at its disposal.

Forty years after

Old readers who recall our repeated efforts on behalf of the unfortunate creditors and depositors of Jabez Balfour's Liberator Permanent Benefit Building Society crash will welcome the announcement that some reparation is at last to be made.

It is estimated that a return of 6s. in the pound will be possible; but it is tragic to reflect that many of the claimants are now dead, while others have grown grey while hope has been deferred for forty years.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

His memory lives

Sir Frederick Milner's death will be regretted by ex-Service men more than anybody.

It was his personal campaign which resulted in the establishment of the Ministry of Pensions, and he was also the founder of the Ex-Services Welfare Society, which exists to aid men suffering from neurasthenic troubles and mental breakdown.

JOHN BULL remembers him with respect. He was an admirer of our work for the ex-soldier and sailor, and often gave his valuable advice and aid in regard to sad cases which had come before us.

A great and good man.

Good boys

This year's division-lobby figures show that Labour M.P.s are attending more frequently than their opponents. Only 8 per cent. of them have missed more than half of their Parliamentary divisions.

In the Conservative Party the number of such defaulters is over 40 per cent., and the Liberals are worse, with a percentage of over 50.

Four Labour Members have voted in every division.

Sweated millions

Postmen receiving beggarly wages are constantly being sentenced in the courts for theft.

And the Post Office is making profits of over £9,000,000 a year. The Postmaster-General even admits making a profit of three-farthings on every 1½d. letter carried.

If a private enterprise made such profits and paid such low wages for responsible work, we know what would be said about it by working men.

Why does not the Government give a further example to private employers—it has already given some—by improving the service conditions of postmen?

At the difficult age

We learn with regret that the Duke of Gloucester will be unable to attend this year's conference of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, which will be held at Leeds next month.

"Regret that the Duke"

Last year, when the theory of club management was discussed, the presence of the Duke was an added stimulus.

The association has been in existence only for five years, but some of the clubs have been going strongly for half a century.

The movement affects 100,000 boys of an age when help and guidance are most needed.

The second thought

We pointed out recently how a clause of the Road Act prevented lorries from giving lifts to children and necessitous persons on outings.

The Government has reconsidered this point, and a one-clause Bill will be introduced shortly to remove this hardship.

Apart from helping village cricket and football teams, facilities will be given, not only for village-to-village jaunts, but for school treats setting out from cities.

Pluck and sense

Edward Robinson, aged ten, of Springfield Place, Guiseley, Yorks, was playing with some friends when Tom Winter, a boy of eleven, fell feet first down a 25-ft. well.

While the others ran for help, Edward found a long prop and managed to get down to his playmate, holding him up until assistance came. Both of them were exhausted.

Tom's parents have already made Edward a little gift in appreciation of his bravery. He is a boy to be proud of, and deserves wider recognition.

1931 Serfs

The vicious tied-cottage system must end.

If a farm-worker is dismissed because times are bad he usually has to leave his employer's cottage as well. He thus loses his job and his home at one fell blow—and he gets no unemployment benefit.

Such a case has just occurred at the village as Adwick-le-Street, near Doncaster.

The Minister of Health is bringing this case to the notice of a committee which is considering the whole question of tied cottages in the rural areas.

Common sense

Congratulations to Councillor T. Crowther, Mayor of Newport, Mon., for speaking his mind in a recent street-betting case.

The mayor commented sharply on the anomalies of the law which enable a rich man to bet freely in a club or on a racecourse, while they penalise a poor man who "puts his bob on" in the street.

The defendant was fined the nominal sum of 5s.

A few decisions like this may hasten the much-needed revision of our betting laws.

Heroes in the dark

Trapped in the stables of Tirpentwys Colliery, Pontenwynydd, Mon., several pit-ponies were in danger of drowning during the recent floods.

The manager of the mine, Mr. T. P. S. James, with four miners—Charles Parker, Percy Fry, Charles Fry and Arthur Gregory—waded along the narrow galleries with raging water up to their chins and managed to release the terrified animals.

A deed like this would be brave enough in broad daylight, but in the pitch blackness of the mine it was heroic. It ought not to be allowed to pass unacknowledged and unrewarded.

Ruining Runnymede

The Surrey County Council's decision to run a motor-road through Runnymede will be generally deplored.

There are many other ways of getting from London to Windsor without desecrating the most historic spot in England.

Runnymede was saved for the nation some time ago largely by the efforts of Egham's battling vicar, the Rev. A. C. Tranter, who threatened to throw the auctioneer into the river. It should be kept safe for pedestrians.

Dirty work hidden

Enquiry into the working of the assessor's department of Glasgow Corporation cannot be avoided much longer by the Government Department.

It is notorious that in corrupt circumstances more than sixty property valuations have been reduced without the assessor's knowledge or consent at an estimated cost of £13,000. Important papers were stolen and valuations obliterated.

Nothing short of an open Government enquiry can clear up this unsavoury situation.

Alive O!

When the report of the Food Investigation Board is published, it will be shown that far superior methods can be employed by fishermen in stowing and preserving their catches.

The new method suggested by the board would enable fishermen to preserve their catches for much longer periods, while the public would be supplied with perfectly fresh fish.

It is over two years ago since the Prince of Wales, as Master of the Fishing Fleets, expressed the hope that such a method would be discovered.

Splendid, sister

We congratulate Miss Picton-Turbervill on her success in getting passed through the House of Commons so quickly her Bill to stop the passing of sentence of death on an expectant mother who may be convicted of murder.

"Congratulate her"

The Bill will soon be on the Statute Book, and judges will in future be spared the hideous and distasteful duty of passing death sentences which they know will never be carried out.

We hope the black cap has been donned for the last time on these pitiful occasions.

Real wisdom

An interesting experiment is to be tried at a new elementary school at Great Lumley, near Chester-le-Street, Durham.

Mr. W. R. Legg, the headmaster, has decided to invite parents to periodical open days, at which they will be able to discuss the peculiarities and habits of their children with the teachers.

This is a wise plan. Parents know more about their children than any psychologist could ever discover, and the teachers will be helped immeasurably by this scheme.

A walking inquisition

It is time some relieving officers learnt a little humanity.

A Newcastle widow was asked the astounding question, "What do you do in your spare time?"

Had she not been so astounded, she would have replied that to house, feed and clothe three young children is a full-time job for any one woman.

She would also have said that, on relief money, clothes have to be made from bargain material bought after a long search of all the shops.

Sewing and mending and the countless other tasks of a busy mother should have been realised by this relieving officer.

He is one of several who needs to be made as humane as the system he serves is intended to be.

A century of sweetness

One hundred years ago John Cadbury started making chocolate in a small warehouse in Crooked Lane, Birmingham.

To-day Cadburys employs 8,000 people; it is still a family business and its workers are a family.

In all that century of growth there has been no scheme for the betterment of workers which Cadburys has not initiated or advanced. Bournville was the first garden factory, and is still the most famous.

But its proudest boast is that it has never had a strike directed against the firm itself. A wonderful record of which we are all proud.

Justice

Knowing that JOHN BULL is always ready to fight the battles of the wronged, Mr. John Little, a Glasgow ex-soldier, asked us for assistance in obtaining a disability pension.

Unable to work for several years, his need was urgent.

As a direct result of our representations to the Ministry of Pensions, Mr. Little has been awarded a pension of £2 a week, together with an allowance of 17s. 6d. a week for his wife and child, with effect from April 14, 1930.

We are delighted to think that our timely intervention has had such a happy result.

Pull together

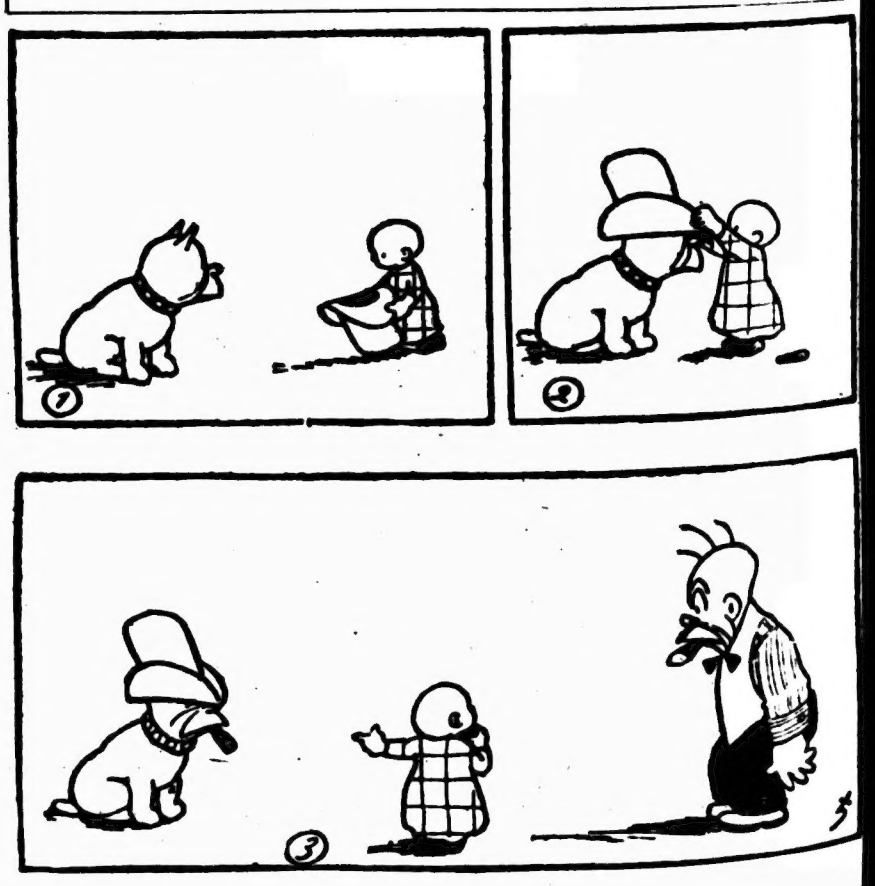
Woolworth, J. Lyons and Montague Burton, three of Britain's biggest popular providers, have asked for and got without difficulty plenty of new capital.

This is one of the signs of a coming trade revival. It means that the long, dreary days of depression are nearly over.

When the leaders of such concerns feel the time is ripe to launch out into fresh endeavours, it means they can see ahead.

We must all take a deep breath and pull together in one great effort to get out of the trough.

Here's Another — ADAMSON



"Bon voyage"—and he came back to the family full of achievement

AIR-MAIL Disclosures

A TRAGEDY OF CLIPPED WINGS

C. ANDERSON

SCOTT

The twenty-eight-year old airman, whose magnificent return flight to Australia has set up a new world record for Britain and British aeroplanes, believes confidently in the future of our air mail and passenger services. But there are serious obstacles to overcome. He—

makes—

I RETURNED from my flight to Australia and back with a record, and the satisfaction of having achieved a long-held hope and ambition.

I returned also with a complete conviction that air passenger and mail communication with the Antipodes is a definite, practical and commercial proposition, in spite of the ignorant surmise and the detraction with which it has been assailed.

I returned also, again, with the bitter knowledge that there is something gravely and radically wrong with the handling of Empire air matters and that the remedy has been too long delayed.

First, on the purely personal point. My flight to Australia was an entirely individual venture. I went to blaze no trails, and with no particular end in view—except to get to my destination.

I went because I have always wanted to do an Australian solo flight and, if possible, to lower a record which *could* be lowered.

Seizes an axe

THE outward journey was financed entirely by myself. For the homeward journey I had a new aeroplane, a sudden and surprising gift by cable made by Lord Wakefield, that great friend of British aviation.

Altogether, for those who may be interested in such things, the flight cost me £1,500. It was money well spent.

When I set off, I had no axe to grind. I now have an axe.

It is, if I may strain the metaphor, the task of advocating everywhere in Britain, by speech and pen, the great project of Empire air communications.

My flight taught me this one lesson—that everywhere on the great Eastern air routes the foreigner is getting in ahead of us.

From Croydon to Port Darwin in Australia is 10,500 miles; six weeks by ship, nine days by air. Every 400 miles along that route half across the world there is an aerodrome waiting to be used.

We have the machines; we have the men; but everywhere our enterprise is being curbed by the lethargy and folly of successive British Governments.

Three years ago Imperial Airways, with great courage and enterprise and after spending oceans of time and money, laid down its All-Red route to the Far East and Australia.

It laid down aerodromes, with all the intricate details of ground organisation; it negotiated concessions with foreign governments along the route, it made everything ready for a scheme which would make far-off Australia a neighbour of the Mother Country.

What next happened almost passes comprehension. The Indian Government passed a measure which effectually broke the back of the whole scheme, and the British Government stood by and let it do it!

The measure enacted that no machines could pass over Indian territory unless they were Indian machines with Indian pilots.

In other words, the passengers were to transship at Karachi for the journey through to Calcutta, with all the inevitable delays of such a process, into Indian machines flown by native pilots.

That was the Indian Legislature's demand, and the fact that so far it has neither machines nor pilots makes no difference.

The Act still stands, and ambitious plans are being thwarted by our truckling to an hysterical and indefensible national sentiment.

As to Imperial Airways' attitude on the matter, its chairman, Sir Eric Geddes, recently made its position plain. With it all men of common-sense must agree.

With all the will in the world, said he, and with no prejudice whatever affecting its decision, it was impossible to conceive of such a service as from England to the Antipodes running successfully under such a divided control.

So a deadlock has been reached, and British air liners go as far as Karachi and no further.

Meanwhile, what are the foreigners doing?

They have got their eyes on the rich air transport and mail business of the Far East and our Empire in the Antipodes.

The Dutch have an excellent and continuous service from Amsterdam to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies. The journey costs £350, not much more than the first-class fare and expenses of the journey by sea.

Their aeroplanes call with passengers and mail *en route*—and *Batavia is at the gates of the Australian continent.*

Jumping the claim

THE great German flying organisation, the Deutsche Luft-Hansa, substantially subsidised by its Government, has completed plans for a service to the East and nearest points to Australia.

It has made its arrangements with the various governments and a service will soon be running.

On the other hand, what is Australia doing? Commerce must be served and she cannot wait indefinitely for the Imperial Government to clear the line.

She is already negotiating for a direct route to and from Batavia, *whence Australian transport will go to Europe and England in Dutch air liners.*

My great friend, Commander Kingsford Smith, who previously held the Australian flight record which I lowered, is actively interested in these negotiations.

His personal flight to Australia was made with the express intention of showing what could be done in the way of shortening the distance for air mails.

Now, tired out with vainly beseeching the Imperial Government to collaborate and ensure an Australian service, he has been compelled to throw his great energy and knowledge into this scheme which will give our Dutch competitors a grip on the Australian air traffic.

The possession of a straight air-route across India to Australia gives us an enormous start over our competitors.

Aeroplane to Calcutta and flying-boat for the long sea hop from there make the journey more speedy, comfortable and safe than anything our foreign competitors can offer.

Are we to stand idly by and see this prize slip from our grasp?

Petty political expediency must not be allowed to stand in the way of our efforts to link up a great Imperial plan.

Clear the course!

BECAUSE the "Royal Scot" passes through Crewe, must the express train pick up a local engine-driver? Must an English mail liner discharge its crew at Capetown and ship a complement of natives for the journey up and down the coast of South Africa?

This is a matter far beyond the policies of changing Governments. The Indian Legislature must be induced to clear the course for a race which involves its interests as much as ours and Australia's, a race in which we shall all be surely beaten if obstacles are wantonly laid on the track.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

GIVE HIM A HAND UP, DOCTOR!

The Rt. Hon. M. BONDFIELD,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MADAM,—You are probably aware of the two Wigan men now doing three months' hard labour for frauds on the Unemployment Insurance Fund.

One was paid no less than £105 8s. 4d. for 397 days he had actually worked; the other got £80 3s. 8d. for 381 days.

This sort of thing must be stopped, and I am thankful that the Prime Minister has promised adequate legislation.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD MERRIVALE,
President of the Divorce Court

MY LORD,—You and your learned brethren have frequently expressed disgust at the methods employed by a certain type of private detectives in the collection of evidence for divorce.

I realise that in the present state of the divorce laws these people occasionally become essential witnesses, but their activities must be restricted to such essentials as simple observation.

At present they go snooping around, turning over garbage and putting evil thoughts into the minds of possible informants.

Can you not devise rules to defeat this unwholesome and entirely un-English practice?

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. JAMES BARR, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR SIR,—No one will blame the Prime Minister for tossing into the pigeon-hole the report of the Select Committee on Capital Punishment, of which you were chairman.

You and the majority of your committee wasted the greater part of twelve months churning over a mass of sentimentalities. The one tangible product was a recommendation that the death sentence should be suspended, as an experiment, for five years.

No specific suggestions were made about the degrees of murder and graded punishment, a question of vital importance on which the nation needs guidance.

Meanwhile, the public has to pay for all such wasted effort. JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. H. DAVIS,
Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd.,
Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. DAVIS,—Inventions to save life usually get less attention than those to end it.

Eighteen months ago I first drew attention to the need for urgency in installing your submarine escape apparatus. I little thought how tragically soon its value was to be tested.

The survivors of *Poseidon* whom you have saved are the crown on your lifetime's toil to perfect this invention.

In their homes your name will be blessed. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. C. ADDISON, M.D.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR DR. ADDISON,—I welcome your plan to call a conference between the parties concerned in the levying and payment of tithes. The hopeless plight of farmers and others can no longer be ignored.

There are instances where the land produces less than the tithes demanded; and I point to the farcical happenings in Essex and Suffolk, where many farmers could not pay the hopelessly excessive amounts.

I appreciate the position of the impoverished clergy, but the sum of £3,000,000 collected annually — £2,000,000 of which is ecclesiastical dues and the remainder lay tithes—is a staggering burden upon farmers.

Your expert knowledge will suggest to you a way out. It is urged that the tithe should not exceed 3s. in the pound, and I find this is not an unreasonable request.

Progress is the essence of your policy. You must pull the farmer out of this quagmire of ancient custom.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman INGPEN,
Chairman, Burnham, Bucks, Justices

DEAR SIR,—I am more than thankful that you and your fellow-justices declined to be parties to the cruel proposals of the Stone Rural District Council.

An old lady of eighty owed rates amounting to £7, and Mr. Robinson, the collector, said he was instructed to ask that she and her daughter should be sent to prison.

The council should be ashamed of itself for asking, and Mr. Robinson would have been right had he refused to be its medium.

It is a relief to know that we have humane justices to oppose the municipal machine.

JOHN BULL.

NURSE LENG,
The Infirmary, Newcastle

DEAR NURSE,—An explosion occurred whilst an operation on a patient was being performed in Newcastle Infirmary. The operating surgeon was enveloped in a blinding sheet of flame.

You were standing at the surgeon's side and threw him on to the floor, wrapped a blanket round him, and put out the flames, though not before he had been badly burned on the chest, arm and head.

You are a fine example of British womanhood and a credit to your profession.

I hope your bravery will be justly rewarded.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. R. FERRELL,
Mayor of Blyth

DEAR MAYOR,—When a bandsman fell and injured his head at a recent children's gala you cast aside your civic dignity and was the first man on the spot to help and give first-aid.

Apart from setting an excellent example to the youngsters, you proved that you can render service outside the council chamber as well as in it.

Bully for you!

JOHN BULL.

Sheriff MARCUS DODDS,
Glasgow

DEAR SHERIFF,—When Hugh Nelson was before you on a charge of assaulting another man, you were right in describing him as a public danger.

Nelson, although only twenty-three, has already served five years for c[ri]pable homicide. Now he has attac[ked] a man with a hammer and severely [in]jured him.

Like you, I fail to understand w[hy] such a maniac was before you on summary complaint.

I agree with you that he needed further five years. Instead you w[ere] compelled to deal with the case w[ith] the maximum penalty of three mont[hs].

Nelson gains by the mistakes official procedure.

JOHN BUL[L]

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Dan Hopkin tells—

The Knell of the Handicap

THERE are patrons, I'm told, of the B.B.C.
Who have not even heard of Dan Hopkin, M.P.!
But if they buy tickets in sweepstakes or bet,
The doings of Dan they may live to regret.

And if you should ask: "Who the dickens is Dan?"
Then let me inform you that he is the man
Who gave the Home Sec., in the form of a question,
A really profound and impressive suggestion.

That sweeps are illegal you cannot deny;
Yet thousands the law on this subject defy
By purchasing tickets galore for a race
To be run in November—the thing's a disgrace!

"But how can we stop 'em?" some ask in despair.
Well, where there's a will then a way's always there.
If there wasn't a race, you are bound to agree,
There would not be a sweep—*that's* as plain as can be!

Though with sweeps run in Ireland we can't interfere,
We *can* stop a handicap run over here—
And this, briefly put, is precisely the plan
Of your dauntless, discerning, delectable Dan!

There is a notion that the Back Bench M.P. is a mere voting machine into which the Chief Whip inserts a card, whereupon the machine glides into the division lobby, records a vote, and returns to the refreshment-room until again required.

But, thank heaven! there are a few choice spirits who take their duties more seriously—especially at question time.

An intelligent M.P. can so frame a question as to embody a carefully devised plan of action, and this is what I did when I asked the Home Secretary if, in view of the illegal sale of tickets for the November Handicap, he would consider the advisability of stopping the race?

In some quarters there has been a regrettable tendency to treat this enquiry as a joke; but I insist that my plan is eminently logical.

If we had prohibition in this country and it was found that the telephone was being used to place orders for beer and whisky, what would be the logical course? Obviously, to abolish the telephone!

We are told that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves, and it is plain that if there was not a November Handicap nobody would organise a November Handicap Sweepstake!

I contend that if question time yields only one practical suggestion like this of mine once a month tax-payers need not worry about the expense entailed in answering questions, to which an anonymous rhymester draws attention:

A passion quite ridiculous
For details most meticulous
Regarding matters "viewed with grave anxiety"
Distinguishes the attitude
Of ev'ry prince of platitude
Desirous of a little notoriety.

M.P.s who want to know a lot,
And so of questions throw a lot—
Their thirst for information's so extensive—
Might earn less animosity
Were not their curiosity,
In point of fact, confoundedly expensive.

"I wish to ask the Minister,"
In accents suave or sinister,
Each day the dreary formula's repeated!
And each time the phrase is uttered,
Minced or mumbled, mouthed or muttered,
The exchequer by a guinea is depleted!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoul*

LORD INCHCAPE: "Advertising [and] salesmanship are the natural offspr[ing] of industry."

True; but, curiously enough, t[hey] can sometimes become the parents [of] new industries.

• • •

MR. CRESWELL O'REILLY (Austral[ian] film censor): "It is a pity that Bri[tish] producers are exploiting bedroom fa[rce] *ad nauseam.*"

The rebuke is partly deserved. [But] thousand glorious fields of Brit[ish] social and industrial romance rem[ain] to be exploited.

• • •

SIR G. B. HUNTER: "People who [are] optimistic concerning the state [of] British trade are doing serious dam[age] to the country's prospects."

Ill-chosen words from the builder [of] the "Mauretania." Optimism is [the] thrust at a depression, which is be[ing] prolonged by nervous industrialists.

by A. G. GARDINER

Driving GERMANY to REVOLUTION

"War-debts are as great a curse to the creditor as to the debtor." Macdonald, Hoover and Bruning in the toils

NEARLY a fortnight has passed since the visit of Herr Bruning and Herr Curtius to Chequers, and the world anxiously awaits the outcome. I say "the world" advisedly. For if Germany collapses, Europe will collapse with her and the world will collapse with her.

And that Germany is in imminent danger of collapse is plain to every intelligent observer.

Lacking external help, she can hardly survive another winter without a crash that will shake the whole structure of Europe to its foundation.

The miracle is that she has survived so long. For nearly thirteen years she has been stretched on the rack of the most savage penalties ever inflicted on a defeated nation.

How savage these penalties have been may be realised by comparing them with the astonishing generosity with which France was treated after the Napoleonic wars or with the moderation shown by Germany after the Franco-German War.

Insane

In both cases the object was, not sympathy with France, but the necessity of rebuilding Europe.

But that object has been deliberately ignored in the case of Germany. Disarmed, she has been kept a prisoner ringed round with bayonets. Stripped of her colonies, her mines and her wealth, she has been called upon to bear the whole burden of the war.

Whatever her crimes, this is not merely unjust; it is insane. It cannot be done, and the only result of trying to make her do it is to destroy her and to wreck the whole mechanism of world trade and world finance.

But under the frenzied leadership of France, we have for thirteen years been bleeding Germany and trying to make her do the impossible.

At the end her case is worse than it was ten years ago. Owing to the change in price-levels, she is to-day called upon to pay 30 per cent. over the figure fixed by the Young Plan as the utmost of her capacity to pay.

And she is to do this for generations. She is to do this when the war is as remote as the Franco-German war is to-day, and when everyone who took part in it is mouldering in the grave.

Was there ever such insanity solemnly perpetrated under the sun?

Now the breaking-point is reached, and the country, driven to desperation by bankruptcy, hunger and humiliation, is on the brink of revolution.

The Bruning-Curtius combination is almost certainly the last ditch of the Republic. If that goes, chaos comes.

Germany is being split into two mighty factions. The Nazis are drilling and marching on the one hand; the Communists are drilling and marching on the other.

Every week-end witnesses conflicts between the two rebel groups, and in the final clash towards which they are moving the Republic will be shattered.

Let us suppose that in the struggle the Communists are victorious. What would be the result to us and to Europe?

It would mean that Sovietism had advanced from Moscow to Berlin, and that it had established its dominion from the Vistula to the Rhine. It would be supreme over Central Europe.

Europe ablaze

But is that what France wants? Is that what we want? Is that what America or Italy wants?

Of course it is not. And yet that is the goal towards which the whole Allied policy has been directed, ceaselessly, inexorably. Now the goal is in sight.

But assume that it is not the Communists, but the Nazis, who triumph, and that Germany falls under a violent nationalist dictator of the stamp of Mussolini. Will that be better for France, or for Europe?

It will mean the repudiation of the Versailles treaty and a policy of armed revolt against the infamies that have been imposed on Germany.

It will mean the end of indemnities. France back in the Ruhr, the whole of Central Europe in a blaze, and the League of Nations a helpless witness of a catastrophe which will engulf itself.

These are the only alternatives before Germany, unless she can be saved from the impending disaster. She cannot save herself. She has got beyond that stage.

She can only be saved by those who have destroyed the confidence of the German people in the Republic and have driven them to desperation and revolution.

It is pretty commonly agreed by all instructed minds to-day that the Versailles Treaty was a deadly blunder. Its evil effects were not confined to Germany. They have bedevilled the whole world.

The war-debts and indemnities hang like a curse over humanity. They are one of the chief sources of the paralysis that has befallen trade and commerce, and until their pressure is relieved there can be no stabilisation of Europe.

It is time that we got rid of the preposterous notion that forty years hence Germany will still be a slave State, paying out a hundred millions or so a year to all and sundry, and that we shall still be paying thirty-three millions a year to America.

Mockery of gold

There are some things which outrage reason and sanity. And this is one of them.

The desperate situation of Germany now compels action. It is hopeless, I fear, to look to France for the initiative. She, like her own Bourbons, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

She is still steeped in the pre-war mentality, and is convinced that the world destroyed Prussian militarism in order to put French militarism in its place.

Nor can we look for the lead to be taken by the United States, the great creditor State, for whom the rest of us act as debt-collectors in Germany.

It is true that she is discovering the illusory nature of this stream of wealth.

She has accumulated nearly half the gold of the world, only to find that her trade has vanished, her streets are filled with unemployed, and that the war-debts are as great a curse to the creditor as to the debtor.

But she has not yet reached the point of enlightenment which will lead her to bold action.

The farthest that Mr. Hoover has gone is to hint that if Europe will stop wasting its money on armaments, America will, perhaps, be generous about the war-debts.

Loose the fetters!

This is sensible, but it does not help in the immediate emergency.

If Germany is to be saved, and if Europe is to be saved with her, it is this country that must take the initiative.

It is to Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson, now fully informed of the urgency of the matter, to whom the world looks for the desperate remedies necessary to meet a desperate case.

Obviously there must be a moratorium or long-term credits to tide Germany over the immediate crisis in her affairs.

With the breathing-space thus provided, there must be a revision of the Versailles Treaty, a drastic scaling down of the Young Plan, and a loosening of the fetters that are driving Germany to revolution and co-operation with Moscow.

Homely Wisdom—by
CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Unknown

WHAT I wrote here a few weeks ago on "Facing the End" drew some letters from readers of JOHN BULL giving their personal experiences of a similar problem.

One in particular strikes so fine a note that I cannot forbear drawing attention to it. The writer appears to be an east coast fisherman—or so I infer from what he says.

Here are the words that give this man's idea of the proper way to live in view of the fact that we do not know from hour to hour what may happen to us.

He says: "We who face death daily, but who carry in our hearts the wonderful assurance of undying life, do not fear death.

"I for one know that the joys, loves, music, sunsets and sunrises, and everything lovely and glorious in this world is only a foretaste of a better yet to be. It is impossible to believe that the beyond is blank darkness.

"I was condemned to death by the doctors in the winter of 1926. The sentence was ratified in 1927, '28, '29, '30, and again two months ago—yet I have just finished setting my garden for another year.

"If death comes before the bud of the rose, or even the fall of the last petal, the fragrance will remain for someone else."

"Fancy paints on memory's canvas
Scenes that we hold dear;
We recall them in days after:
Gladly they appear."

This is an inspiriting philosophy of life, and much better than the fatalism of some of my other correspondents.

I have heard a man quoting a pagan teacher of olden time to the effect that there is nothing to worry about in regard to the moment when we draw our last breath; for if there is no hereafter we shall know nothing about it, and if there is, there is nothing to fear.

This is a poor sort of attitude to take, and not very different from the counsel of the Persian sage:

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears.
To-morrow!—why to-morrow I may be
My self with yesterday's seven thousand years.

It is just a variant of the ancient maxim of despair: "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

My fisherman friend knows something better than that, and we do well to make it ours. The root of his confidence in an immortal future is his perception that the real things of life are spiritual—the things that we enjoy with mind and heart.

Every day is a whole life in itself, ending with a death from which we wake again in the changing world of our present habitation. One day we shall go to sleep in the same way to awaken otherwhere.

Do you doubt it? Well, live as if it were true, which is the only right way to live. For the best preparation for the life to come is to put one's best into that which we are living now.

FORGER'S Amazing SUICIDE PLOT

A DARING kinema robbery, a cleverly-staged bogus suicide, and a series of swift cheque frauds are the outstanding links in an investigation we have just made into the movements of an elusive rascal on whom the police would like to lay their hands.

His exploits easily outrival fiction, and range from the Thames to the Clyde, though, oddly enough, the story which we have to tell begins on the peaceful banks of the Cam, in the outskirts of Cambridge.

Such a setting seems out of place for the opening of a grim drama, yet that famous university town recently had its tranquillity disturbed by a double mystery.

The manager's office in a local kinema was broken into, and some hundreds of pounds were taken from the safe by thieves who got away without leaving any clues.

"Pathetic" bundle

Then, while the hue-and-cry for the unknown marauders was being raised, a dramatic discovery was made at a quiet spot on the river's bank.

A tumbled bundle of male clothing was found upon the grass, and with it a hastily scrawled note, which proved to be a farewell message from John William Minns to his wife in Southend-on-Sea.

Minns, it seems, had been reported to the police as "missing" by his wife and friends in Southend some days previously.

An examination of the clothes soon satisfied the police that the missing man had been concerned with the robbery at the Cambridge kinema.

His farewell message to his wife stated that he was in "great trouble" and intended to take his life; so everything pointed to the theory that he had been overcome with remorse after the crime and had decided upon suicide as the only way out.

The river was dragged over a wide radius at the point where the abandoned clothes had been found, but Minns' body was not recovered.

Still, with the identification of the clothing and the surrounding facts, little doubt was left in official minds.

It seemed self-evident that John William Minns was dead.

We can say quite emphatically that the official assumption is incorrect.

Minns, like Rouse, undoubtedly had very good reasons for wishing to disappear; but he has not departed this earth.

On the contrary, he is very much alive and kicking to-day, as many people who have been victimised by him can testify.

Corpse gets busy

While the authorities were still dragging the river Cam for his body, Minns was actively carrying on a systematic campaign of fraud, craftily counting upon his well-staged suicide to throw the police off the scent.

His speedy return to life has not been made in his old name.

So far as he is concerned, "John William Minns" is dead, and he now elects to pass under various names, which he selects and abandons at will.

As "Buller," for example, we find that he has been very busy and has succeeded in defrauding quite a number of people who are unaware of his true identity.

Somewhere in his travels since leaving Cambridge he has acquired a cheque-book that is certainly not his property, and he has been scattering forged cheques with amazing energy for a "dead" man.

Like the trail in a paper-chase, they now mark his progress through Manchester, Newcastle and Glasgow, and some of them have been so cleverly forged that the people whose names he has employed have sometimes found it difficult to declare that the signatures were not their own.

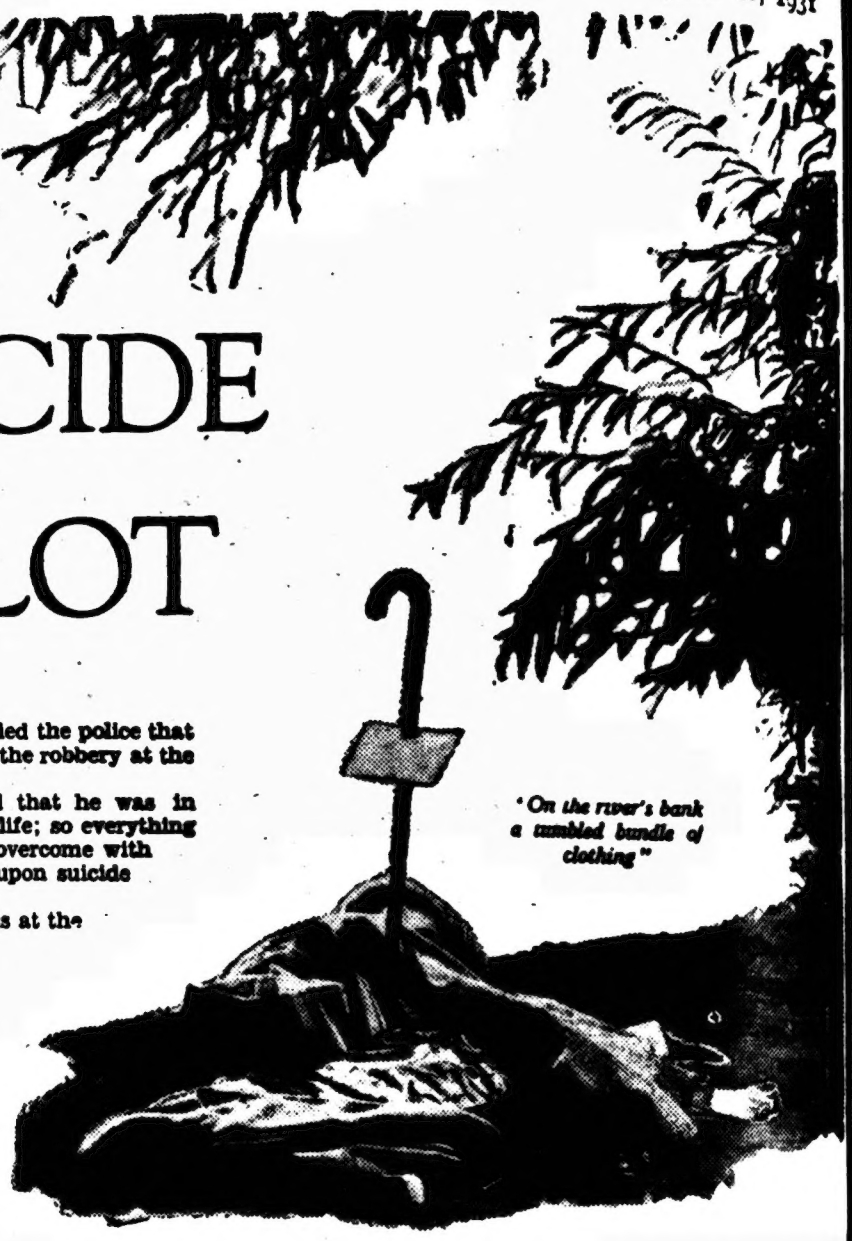
The amounts of the cheques passed vary from £3 to £15, but in the aggregate Minns' hauls must be very considerable, for he has been uttering these worthless cheques ever since he left Cambridge.

His victims are chosen hotel proprietors and various tradespeople from whom he has obtained goods in return for his worthless cheques.

The fatal dimple

This will-o'-the-wisp forger is described by most of his victims as a dapper, businesslike man, with a closely-cropped moustache of reddish hue, while some say that there is a pronounced dimple in his right cheek whenever he smiles.

That same smile, we fear, has disarmed a good many people, and the police must take means to lodge him in a place where it will not find appreciation.



"On the river's bank a tumbled bundle of clothing"

BEAMING BLUFFER'S VICTIMS

LOOK out for Thomas Cordingley! This is a warning of particular interest to investors and the proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses; but members of the general public would do well to note it also, for Cordingley is a crook who casts a wide net.

One of his latest victims is a widow who keeps a small hotel in the heart of London, where Cordingley recently stayed.

He posed as a company director, with big interests in numerous undertakings, and gave his business address as Victoria Street, London, S.W.

As he became better known to his hostess, Cordingley often let fall little scraps of talk about huge share transactions that he was carrying out.

* * *

He gave the widow to understand that he was reinvesting his profits, and had to keep every penny in business for the time being because he had been rather badly hit by the Hatry crash.

He was a most pleasant-mannered man, and never once during the whole of his stay at the hotel did he arouse suspicion.

But when his bill had mounted to nearly £100, this big financier suddenly vanished.

The widow had not troubled to press for settlement because of his convincing stories of big share coups.

* * *

Thomas Cordingley is an impostor who has misused the names of several reputable companies.

He has no genuine financial connection, nor had he any right to use the address in Victoria Street in the way he did.

He is an undischarged bankrupt, who has been persistently robbing hotel proprietors and others in this fashion for months.

Unlike the average crook, he does not use many aliases. Cordingley seems impressive enough for him.

A PEST of Pavement Sale Pushers

EVERYONE detests the pavement touts, who pounce upon shoppers and endeavour to bully them into buying against their will. Yet the touts are steadily increasing in number and impudence.

Protests reach us from all over London and several of the big provincial cities about the way in which women have been molested.

A Bristol woman tells us that while visiting London recently she was amazed to see a young girl struggling with two persistent touts who had approached her while she had been innocently glancing in a shop window.

* * *

The girl was literally hustled into the shop, and when she emerged a little later, carrying a parcel, she appeared so agitated that the Bristol woman ventured to speak to her.

She found that the girl had set out with the simple intention of "looking at a few costumes," and instead, through the bullying tactics of the touts, had been coerced into buying a flimsy dress for which she had no use.

Disgraceful cases of this sort could be multiplied; nor are women the only victims of these pavement harpies.

* * *

Certain tailoring shops find it highly profitable to keep one or two smartly-dressed representatives loitering near their premises to pounce upon the unwary.

Many a youthful clerk, going homeward with his week's wages, has thus been hustled into a shop and badgered into ordering a suit that he did not need or could not afford.

Two touts employed by a Strand tailoring firm were fined by Sir Chartres Biron at Bow Street not very long ago, another representative of the same firm having been previously bound over.

But it is quite evident that the profits derived from these forced sales make the touts quite indifferent to fines.

One man who was recently before Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, for touting on the pavement outside a West End costumier's actually had six previous convictions for the same offence.

* * *

It is only fair to say that the police do all they can to protect the public from the annoyance of bullying touts, but as the law now stands the maximum penalty that can be imposed is a fine of 40s.

This, as we have shown, is no deterrent, and we hope that the law will be revised to allow heavier fines and imprisonment for repeated offences.

Weekly Informations from MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

ALIEN'S STRANGE Lingerie Deals

Katz's lingerie didn't find its way into this sale. Mr. Justice Bennett recently heard appeals from creditors

A GREAT many people in this country and on the Continent will be interested to learn about the affairs of an enterprising person named Jacob Katz, of Bloomfield Court, London, W.

He is a very active business man, who has latterly been much in evidence at offices in Bayer Street and St. Paul's Churchyard. He is an absorbing personality.

Although Jacob Katz has long enjoyed British hospitality at the expense of some of our citizens, he is actually a Russian Pole who has become a naturalised American.

For some time now Katz has been in control of a concern known as the Record Manufacturing Company, Ltd., trading from both the City addresses I have named above.

The title is misleading, for, far from dealing in gramophone records, as one might conclude, this company's interests lay in such things as the manufacture, export and import of ladies' and children's lingerie.

Feeling uneasy

On the surface, there was nothing to arouse suspicion in business circles.

The company had well-appointed offices in populous trade centres, and had every appearance of stability.

Indeed, it appeared to be conducting a most flourishing business and to be of sound financial standing.

But shortly after the Record Manufacturing Company, Ltd., began trading under the guidance of the impressive Mr. Jacob Katz, its various clients had the uneasy feeling that all was not well with the concern.

I find that a number of firms have supplied this manufacturing company with consignments of miscellaneous goods on credit terms, and have been unable to obtain settlement of their accounts.

Now, there has been a growth of this type of business in the City of London of late, and a very disquieting feature of the Record Manufacturing Company's activities is that many of the unpaid creditors are foreign firms.

Their faith in British trading honesty cannot but be sadly shaken by experiences of this sort, and our national prestige suffers accordingly.

Hospitality abused

This would be bad enough in any circumstances, but it is all the more galling when one realises that the person responsible is an alien, using this country as his headquarters.

One of the unpaid firms, in Saxony, furnished a consignment of goods, accepting a bill of exchange, which was eventually dishonoured when presented for payment.

All attempts to obtain redress or payment in any other way have been met by failure, and the unfortunate Saxony company has now discovered to its dismay that several accommodation bills for similar substantial sums of money handed to various other trusting firms on the Continent and elsewhere have likewise turned out to be more or less worthless scraps of paper.

What, then, is the true position of the Record Manufacturing Company, Limited.

I find, on enquiry, that its nominal capital was only £1,000, and that a good proportion of this was represented in shares that had been allotted for considerations other than cash.

I also have evidence before me which shows that the Record Manufacturing Company, Ltd., had pressing financial difficulties from the very first.

Its machinery, for instance, was obtained from a Manchester firm upon hire-purchase terms, a bill of exchange being handed over as the necessary deposit.

This bill, I am sorry to say, was also dishonoured when the time came for it to be met.

But that is not all. While the various creditors were anxiously pressing for moneys that were due to them, Katz and his colleagues were indulging in a queer sort of finance.

Cheques were frequently exchanged between the Record Manufacturing Company and certain individuals to provide temporary working capital, and so tide over its difficulties and avert the bankruptcy that had threatened from the company's earliest days.

Then, last summer, when its troubles were accumulating to an overwhelming degree, a startling burglary took place at the company's office in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Goods to the value of £1,500 are stated to have been stolen, but it is significant that the insurance company with which a claim of £700 has been lodged has so far made no payment.

Thousands involved

This, again, is a matter which is not unnaturally causing the anxious creditors additional concern.

Some thousands of pounds are involved in this shameful fiasco, and it is clear that a very thorough investigation of all the facts is needed.

But such an investigation presents many difficulties, because the various books of account belonging to the Record Manufacturing Co., Ltd., are most unsatisfactory and incomplete.

There have, from time to time, been two other directors of this disastrous concern.

One is Jeanette, his wife, and Jacob Katz calmly asserts that he was acting throughout on her behalf.

Wife as shield

What a gentleman! Especially as he was admittedly the promoter of this inglorious concern.

Even if his contention is true, what type of man can he be to seek to extricate himself from this catastrophe by putting all the blame on to his wife.

Quite apart from this, there have, as I say, been far too many instances of foreign firms being exploited by dubious companies of this type—all this to the discredit of British commerce.

I therefore feel that it would be a salutary thing if this case were made the subject of a special investigation by the Companies Department of the Board of Trade.

MEDICINE MAN'S *Odd Queries*

A BRADFORD reader sends us a sheaf of literature that she has just received from a self-styled specialist in "rheumatism and all uric acid complaints."

"From the Consulting Room of Charles Stafford" is the inscription at the head of this "specialist's" notepaper, though the address given is 150, Southampton Row, and not Harley Street.

"I honestly believe I can cure you," says Charles Stafford, and offers a trial treatment free.

At the same time he is careful to warn the prospective patient not to expect "too much" of this trial treatment.

* * *

Time and perseverance are necessary, it seems, and the woman is invited to complete a very formidable application-form, in which she must answer about thirty intimate questions.

"Do you have fullness or pain after eating?" is one question set forth in the application form, while the patient is also asked: "Are you full-blooded or otherwise?"; "Do you rise tired in the morning?" and "Do you experience dizziness?"

The assurance is given that even aggravated cases of long standing have been known to yield so completely to treatment that the patient has been able to record "an absolute cure" in ten or twelve days.

Apart from promising a cure, Stafford reveals himself as something of a philanthropist.

He used to charge five guineas, he avers. Then he brought his fee down to 25s. 6d. Now he asks only £1, but declares that he gives "more than I originally charged £5 5s. for."

* * *

Now, Charles Stafford is not a qualified medical man. Behind him we find the Charles Stafford Proprietary, Ltd., the directors of which are A. Halse and G. Halse.

In other words, the "specialist" is really a limited liability company.

Despairing sufferers will often clutch at any offer that seems to hold out new hope, but we earnestly advise readers to ignore touting letters from quacks.

Any sensible person would realise that the cleverest specialist living would hesitate to prescribe for patients he has never seen, and the dangers of postal treatment by unqualified practitioners should be obvious.

Snap That Big Prize!

Sunny Snaps are pictures of the bright side of everyday life, at home, at work, or at play—scenes which are just waiting to be caught by your camera and entered for the *Daily Herald's* contest for amateur photographers.

A prize of £100 must be won for the best snap of the season, £25 for the second best, and £10 for the third, while in addition there are many cash prizes every week.

The ASEPTIC Power of *Germolene*

Brand Aseptic Ointment

"wipes away" skin troubles!

SKIN SUFFERERS—Your troubles are at an END! **No Matter How Long** you have endured unsightly, agonising Skin Ills—no matter how painful or how obstinate the disease—Here is SWIFT, CERTAIN RELIEF—**TO-DAY!** For a few pennies—as little as 1/3d.—you can PROVE our claim, that **GERMOLENE Ointment's unique ASEPTIC action will conquer ANY Skin Disease right away!**

Go and buy yourself a small tin of GERMOLENE Ointment—**NOW!**

Germolene
Ointment
for **IMPETIGO!**

"Germolene Ointment has cured me of a really bad attack of Impetigo. I tried several remedies with no benefit till I bought a tin of Germolene Ointment. The soothing and healing powers were wonderful! I can now shave again and *there is absolutely no mark left*—completely healed with only *one tin!*"—Mr. A. Nelson, 14, Gotha St. Ardwick, M/c.

UNSIGHTLY RASH.....**NOW SHAVES AGAIN!**

Germolene Ointment Soothes at a Touch!

Germolene
Ointment
for **ECZEMA!**

"I am writing to say how pleased I am at the wonderful relief Germolene Ointment has brought me from ECZEMA. After trying all sorts of treatment for TWELVE YEARS, nothing having done me any good, I tried Germolene Ointment. Just FOUR BOXES did the trick!"—Mrs. Thos. Lusha, High Street, Tittleshall, King's Lynn.

MADDENING ITCH.....**GONE FOR GOOD!**

Germolene
Ointment
for **ULCERS!**

"FIVE MONTHS ago, I grazed the skin off my leg, which developed into a very nasty ULCER. I tried several so-called remedies without success; then I decided on Germolene Ointment. AFTER ONE BOX, I am pleased to say it is QUITE HEALED!"—I. Gell, 19, State Street, Heeley Bank, Sheffield.

THROBBING AGONY.....**NOT EVEN A SCAR!**

UNIQUE ASEPTIC Action

1. Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
2. Gently EJECTS germs and Poisons; never burns them out.
3. Heals the worst wound in record time—without scars!

1/3 and 3/- per tin

Use Germolene Ointment for: PSORIASIS RASH, RINGWORM ULCERS, PILES ECZEMA, SORES and EVERY SKIN ILL

Germolene

BRAND

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

royds

"If your Dealer does not stock Hercules Cycles, go to one who does"

You'll save at least £2 if you insist on a

Hercules

CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE

That's the difference between what you would have to pay for any other cycle with the same specification. DUNLOP Roadster Reinforced Tyres, Rims and Saddle. HERCULES Brakes, Freewheel and Pedals.

Prices from £3·19·9

(Prices apply to England & Wales only.)

or on generous easy payments

Hercules are the world's largest cycle manufacturers, and only their enormous output enables them to offer such cycle value.

EACH HERCULES CYCLE IS

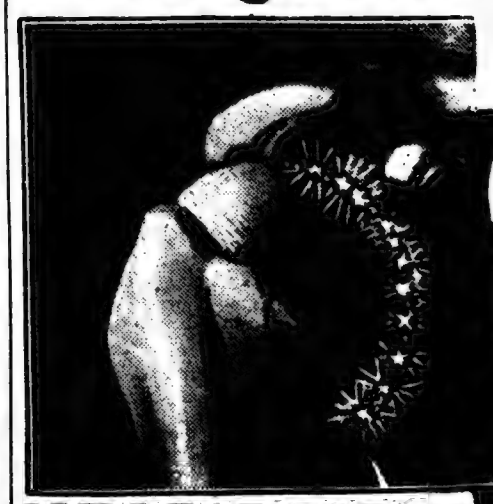
GUARANTEED FOR 50 YEARS

Ask your local dealer for particulars or write for catalogue to:—
THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD.,
Britannia Works, Rocky Lane, Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

London Depot: 54 Sussex Place, S. Kensington, S.W.7. *Manchester Depot: 32a Dale Street.*

C.F.H. 352

Like Rheumatism in the joints



Below are enlarged reproductions of uric acid crystals which lodge in the joints causing the excruciating pain of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, backache.

URIC ACID CRYSTALS

Grinding in the joints at every movement! Fuller Celery Perles ease the torture at once. They dissolve those flint-like crystals away just as hot water does to washing soda. Four hours—pain gone. Within 10 days no trace of uric acid is left in the blood stream. Rheumatism has gone for good. Celery is *Nature's* remedy for rheumatism. Your doctor will tell you so. In each tiny easy-to-swallow Fuller Celery Perle there is the curative power of 26 lbs. of French Golden Celery. Throw no more good money away on so-called rheumatic "cures" and "quack remedies." Get a 1/3 or 3/- size Fuller Celery Perles from Boots or any good chemist. But make sure you obtain the packet shown below clearly labelled FULLER CELERY PERLES. Cheap imitations are worthless.

In case of difficulty send direct to the Fuller Laboratories (Dept. F.27), Sheppy Place, London, E.C.3.

Sold under £100 money back guarantee.

FULLER CELERY *PERLES*

BRAND

IT is in this tent at Exmouth that Pastor Tullett wages his "Great Revival Campaign." Left: The mission hall where he was formerly a leading light.

SEASIDE EVANGELIST'S *Queer Campaign*

A PERSON calling himself Pastor J. H. Tullett is launching a "Great Revival Campaign" in the West Country, and has made his present headquarters at Exmouth.

Until recently, Bournemouth was his centre, and to give an impressive start to his new campaign the pastor arranged a free charabanc trip to Exmouth.

He provided dinner and tea for 500 people, who were drawn from Bournemouth, Bridgwater, Taunton, Wimborne, Exeter and elsewhere.

In spite of this popular beginning, we feel called upon to lay certain facts regarding Pastor Tullett and his movement before the public.

He professes to live entirely by faith. "I have some money at my back," he declared recently; "but I don't want to say anything about that."

* * *

We think it would be much better if the pastor would come out into the open and be more explicit on the question of finance.

He admits that he collects at the door of his meetings, so surely those who subscribe to his movement have the right to know how their money is expended.

The inaugural meeting at Exmouth, for instance, must have cost a pretty penny, but Tullett, we find, is far more ambitious.

"I intend, as soon as possible," he declares, "to open an Unwanted Babies' Home and a school for my own ministers' children."

* * *

Now, Tullett does not belong to any established Church, but he nevertheless affects clerical attire, and is referred to as the "Rev. J. H. Tullett."

Who, then, are his ministers?

We know of three young men—two bricklayers and a commercial traveller—all of whom have thrown up regular employment to follow the pastor. Indeed, Tullett says quite bluntly that he is "willing to accept the services of anyone."

This is quite evident, and we do not for one moment doubt the sincerity of those who feel moved to throw in their lot with his cause.

At the same time, we cannot help feeling that they are rather misguided.

We have before us a letter from one man telling of several other people who have been so carried away with zeal that they have abandoned everything to follow Pastor Tullett.

There is a widow who has sold up her home; there are two women who have thrown up situations; and there is a boy who has also given up solid employment.

Do these people realise the methods of the man they have elected to follow? We think not, and feel it our duty to enlighten them.

Tullett came under our notice in 1929 when we told a pathetic story of two sisters, young domestic servants, who had gone under his sway.

Both were strong, healthy girls, and their experience was most unhappy. The first had to give up attending the pastor's meetings on medical advice, as she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The second became so completely deranged that she had to be removed to a mental hospital for treatment.

A man who can exercise such terrible sway over impressionable girls and women seems in danger of causing far more harm than good.

As for Pastor Tullett's contention that he lives "by faith," the only evidence we can find of this at the moment is that he has already borrowed £10 from an Exmouth trader who has not been repaid, and that he has also passed a cheque for £2 9s. that has been dishonoured.

A STRANGE PIT PROBLEM

OFFERS of employment which are, to say the least, decidedly curious are now being made by the Newthorpe Colliery (1931) Company, Ltd., of 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

The company requires a chairman, an assistant-secretary, and a "smart man or woman for clerical work."

But it also wishes applicants to take up shares on the assurance that their employment will be permanent.

A man who was offered the chairmanship was first asked to invest £750, and when he ignored the offer, the company expressed its readiness to let him have the post for £500.

In the same way, others have been offered the secretaryship for £250.

Applicants, we find, are favoured with a report of the property, which purports to embody the opinion of "a competent mining engineer," referred to as Mr. Wright, M.I.Min.E., but it seems to refer specifically to Hill Top and Brook Hill Collieries, near Eastwood, and we look in vain for any reference to Newthorpe.

* * *

Newthorpe Colliery (1931) Company, Ltd., was incorporated in the Isle of Man in March last.

The Somerset House records show it to be a private company, incorporated outside Great Britain, but having a place of business in London.

The nominal capital is £30,000 in £1 shares, but only two shares have been allotted so far.

The directors are two London clerks.

Thus we have the unique combination of two clerks controlling from London a company incorporated in the Isle of Man for the purpose of running a colliery in Nottinghamshire.

The usual reference-books have nothing to tell us regarding Newthorpe Colliery, and all that can be ascertained is that there is a disused pit at Newthorpe which was abandoned forty-three years ago!

The Raja's Widow Moves On

A WOMAN, who used the name of Mrs. Doris Wyndham, has been managing to live at the expense of others for some time past, merely by her ability to tell a plausible story.

Saying that she was an invalid, she succeeded in "renting" a furnished house at Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex, and so plausible was her story that she moved in without depositing a penny.

Once in she was always on the point of paying, but her allowance was "unfortunately delayed." It was generally understood in the neighbourhood that she was the widow of "a Raja from Siam."

Nobody is quite sure how this impression got about, and, apparently, nobody stopped to ask how the widow of an Eastern potentate was called by the very English name of Mrs. Wyndham.

While in this house she ran up bills with doctors, butchers, bakers, grocers, nurses and servants. She also availed herself of the telephone to send expensive cables abroad.

Then one night she made a "moonlight flit," and that was the last the people of Angmering-on-Sea saw of her.

The telephone bill alone amounted to well over £20.

Mrs. Wyndham evidently has plenty of confidence in her own plausibility.

When she went to Angmering she made no secret of the fact that she had previously lived at Stanley Studios, Chelsea.

She did live there for some five months—and she left owing nearly five months' rent.

In Chelsea it is not understood that she is the widow of a Raja. The story there was that her husband was in Siam.

He was always about to return to England, and Mrs. Wyndham's allowance was "unfortunately held up." When this story had worn a bit thin she moved away.

She left a considerable telephone bill there, too, which the unfortunate subscriber has had to pay.

There are quite a number of people who would be very glad to hear that Mrs. Wyndham's allowance from Siam had at last materialised.

£1,050 INSOMNIA!

Congratulations to Mr. W. Beaumont, 40, Alderley Street, Salford, an unemployed man who has just walked off with 1,000 Guineas for making up the "Bullet": "Never Mind, Alfonso—Your *Hand's* On 'Coin'!"

"I didn't sleep a wink"

"I did not sleep a wink after getting your telegram," he says; "but, my word, it wasn't worry that kept me awake!"

That 1,000 Guineas was the biggest sum we have ever offered for a one-week contest—but on page 35 there's another record prize to be won.

If you want your hand on £3,000 in coin and a £50 Holiday Yearly as well, now's your opportunity.

A Strong Man AT THE Forge!

"THEN ILLNESS OVERTOOK ME"

Blacksmith's Remarkable Story

How a Blacksmith—a Strong Man at the Forge—who fell a Victim to Illness on his retirement—was restored to health by 'Dr. CASSELL BRAND TABLETS' and now feels fitter than ever he did before, was told to me to-day.

Mr. Burwood is 68 years of age, but looks much younger. When I asked him to tell me in his own words how 'Dr. CASSELL BRAND TABLETS' had helped him he replied:

"Well, I was always considered a strong man at the Forge, but as soon as I gave up illness overtook me. I became terribly weak and suffered horribly from Nerves and Nervous Depression."

"Just what made you take 'Dr. CASSELL' Tablets?" I asked.

"A friend of mine told me about a similar case and that the person got remarkable results by taking Dr. CASSELL Brand Tablets, so I thought I would try them."

"And were the results as good with you?" I enquired.

"All I can say," said Mr. Burwood, **"is that I was amazed. In no time I was my old self again. I feel years younger and as fit, if not fitter, than ever I did at the Forge. Nervous trouble seems a thing of the remote ages. "I have never in all my life been so astonished or impressed as I have been with your wonderful Tablets."**

More Successes.

CROYDON.
Mrs. Hawkes says: "Dr. Cassell Tablets are wonderful."

BARNET.
Mr. Pyke says: "The first doses restored my strength."

EAST HAM.
Mrs. Oliver says: "After a few tablets my friends could see I was getting better."

ADDISCOMBE.
Mrs. Taylor says: "I feel as fit as anyone and it is all due to Dr. Cassell Tablets."

19 Ways to Health.

All over the country, Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets are bringing New Health to thousands of people—both men and women. Every day some "striking" success is gained.

When it is known that each Tablet is a blend of no less than 19 Special Health Ingredients this is not surprising. There are Hypophosphites for the Nerves, Special Nutrients for the Blood as well as valuable stomachics for the Digestion, etc., etc.

You Can Get Rid Of

—Nerves!
—Anæmia!
—Indigestion!
—Sleeplessness!
—Pains!
—Headaches!
—Poor Appetite!
—Lack of Energy!

Dr. CASSELL TABLETS

Brand

No Proprietary rights are claimed in the Formula or method of manufacture other than the Registered Trade Mark.

All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

Bring out your camera

Now is the time to get good pictures. Take your camera with you and bring home a spool of clever new snaps. When you see the crisp, fresh prints you will feel all your early enthusiasm returning. But be sure you use a reliable film—Selo for choice.

SELO FILM

THERE IS A SELO FILM FOR EVERY SIZE AND MAKE OF CAMERA.

THE FAST

BRITISH MADE.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE SELO BOOKLET, "THE TRIUMPH OF THE SELO FILM."

USE SELO FILM FOR YOUR COMPETITION SNAPS AND INCREASE YOUR CHANCE OF SUCCESS.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

Created for one purpose to CLEAN TEETH thoroughly

COLGATE'S claims to do nothing more

Beware of extravagant promises to cure sensitive, irritated gums . . . to permanently correct mouth acidity . . . or other dental ills. All such disorders demand the care of a dentist or physician . . . not a toothpaste.

The only function of a dentifrice is to clean teeth. Colgate's does *not* claim to do more. But it does claim to clean more thoroughly . . . more completely.

When you brush with Colgate's you are certain that every part of a tooth is reached, because of the penetrating ability of Colgate's cleansing foam. Made in England. Large size costs one shilling.

We will gladly send a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1

"If every child were bonny" (like this splendid little fellow) "there would be very little wrong with England"

FAIR *play* for the FIT

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

DEAN INGE the other day indulged in a little prophecy. He pictured an England, about a thousand years hence, in which the population had been definitely fixed at twenty millions, and in which no persons would be allowed to have children without certificates of bodily and mental health.

All family histories would be registered to ensure freedom from inheritable bodily and mental defects—which would, in any case, have been practically eradicated—and an A1 husband or wife would be as much sought after as wealth and title are sought after now.

It was a pretty picture that he drew, but I have been wondering ever since what led him to draw it. For in his book "England," he has no hesitation in asserting that the race is deteriorating.

He bewails the fact that "our population is recruited most rapidly from the slums of our great towns, the underworld where the inhabitants have no standards to keep up and no social ambitions."

Leg-pulling

In his lecture to the Royal Institution he was either talking through his hat or indulging in a little fun at the expense of his learned audience—for the facts would lead any observer, however casual, to come to a very different conclusion.

The plain, hard facts of to-day support Dean Inge the Writer, not Dean Inge the Prophet. Let us consider a few of them.

The stark figures are almost terrifying. The actual insane are increasing at the rate of 2,000 every year.

The feeble-minded are increasing at the appalling rate of 7,500 every year.

The number has more than doubled in the last twenty years, and there are now, according to the estimates of the Joint Committee of the Board of Education and the Board of Control, at least 340,000 mental deficients in our midst.

"Seldom," said an authority, speaking of this dreadful state of affairs, "have uneasy suspicions, warnings, direct prophecies been so prophecies been so utterly justified as those of biologists and eugenists for the past twenty years are now justified by this report."

And to this immense number we have to add 150,000 notified insane.

As against the pretty prophecy of Dean Inge, it is interesting to put a recent statement of Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane.

Nailing a lie

"Some optimists," he says, "are in the habit of stating that our race is improving physically, that we were never better.

"That this is absolutely false and that the reverse is true can be demonstrated in the clearest manner possible."

It has been estimated that something like 50,000 children of school age are to-day suffering from organic heart disease, while 80 per cent. of those attending our council schools are suffering or have suffered from rickets.

Out of every seven men of working age in this country one dies of tuberculosis and one dies of cancer.

Where does Dean Inge see the evidence of this coming physical regeneration of the race?

For the life of me I can't see it, nor can anyone else with any knowledge of the facts.

Dr. Shrubsall, Senior Medical Officer to the London County Council, says that in a number of families, where one or more of the children were idiots or imbeciles, the average number of the pregnancies of the mothers was six.

He added that where children attended schools for the mentally defective, the number was 5.3; while among the mothers of scholarship-holders it was only 4.8.

Dean Inge's optimism takes a lot of swallowing in view of these facts.

At the risk of sounding callous, I am going to say that most of the money that is wrung from the taxpayer and the ratepayer to-day is spent in an endeavour to see that these unfit and inefficient survive.

Women say—

"We are spending thousands, but we are not tackling the problem of the mentally unfit properly."

The Women's Co-operative Guild Congress passed a resolution by 625 votes to 319 calling on the Government to provide, without delay, for the compulsory sterilisation of people who may be liable to transmit serious mental or bodily defects.

We are doing all we can, not to ensure a regeneration of the race, but to perpetuate a steadily deteriorating stock.

To maintain the mentally diseased alone costs us at least £30,000,000 a year.

We are, in fact, taxing the fit in order that we may coddle the unfit and enable them to survive. If you don't believe me, consider these two cases which recently occurred almost on the same day:

On the one hand, the Devon County Council, like a lot of other public bodies, was considering the construction of a home for mentally defective people.

It was estimated that 500 beds would be required, each bed costing £500 in addition to the cost of annual upkeep.

On the other hand, in Exeter, an ejectment order was made against a man who was living with his wife and seven children in one room, for which he paid 7s. a week.

Of course, the fellow was foolish. He should have been mentally defective, in which case he would not have been ejected. A Mental Deficiency Committee would have looked after him at the taxpayers' expense.

In one way and another we are spending in this country £300,000,000 a year in health measures—not to prevent, but to alleviate. Against that you can put the fact that at least 70 per cent. of the population is C3.

You can also ponder the fact that hospitals and institutions are full to overflowing.

And there is plenty of food for thought in the fact, disclosed by the latest returns, that nearly fifty million health insurance prescriptions are dispensed annually, and that the number is rising every year.

A place apart

Some day, I suppose, we shall treat this problem with the serious urgency it deserves. We shall cease to allow the unfit and the inefficient to breed at the expense of the fit.

We shall segregate them, even if we do not sterilise them. There will be, as a matter of fact, a Bill brought before Parliament some time this year to provide for the voluntary sterilisation of the mentally unfit under certain circumstances.

To those who care about the future of the race it is one of the most vital measures ever put forward; but it is perhaps too much to hope that it will be passed.

We shall, one day, do other things. We shall so manipulate the income-tax relief for children that families of the healthy and efficient type are genuinely encouraged and enabled to have a sufficient number of children.

At present what are we doing except to tax these people in order to provide relief for the worst breeds.

We shall also consider family endowment from the right point of view. We shall endow radiant health and physical perfection instead of playing with the idea of endowing poverty.

Mr. Charles Wicksteed Armstrong recently said: "I think that if every English child were bonny, there would be very little wrong with England."

There we have the germ of truth.

The Human Machine

LAUGH *and . . . !*

IF you want a piece of machinery to live long and work smoothly, you must keep it well oiled. And if you want your own mental machinery to behave likewise, you must treat it with just as much care. We do not realise sufficiently that laughter is the best oil in the world for mental machinery.

A laugh can work wonders. There is a story that the late Sir George Reid, Premier of Australia, once faced a big audience that was bitterly hostile to his policy. As soon as ever he began to talk he was interrupted. "George, you've got two faces," yelled a heckler. "And I expect you've only got one," was the lightning reply, "or you wouldn't be wearing the one you have."

The audience shrieked with merriment, and from that moment the speaker did what he liked with them.

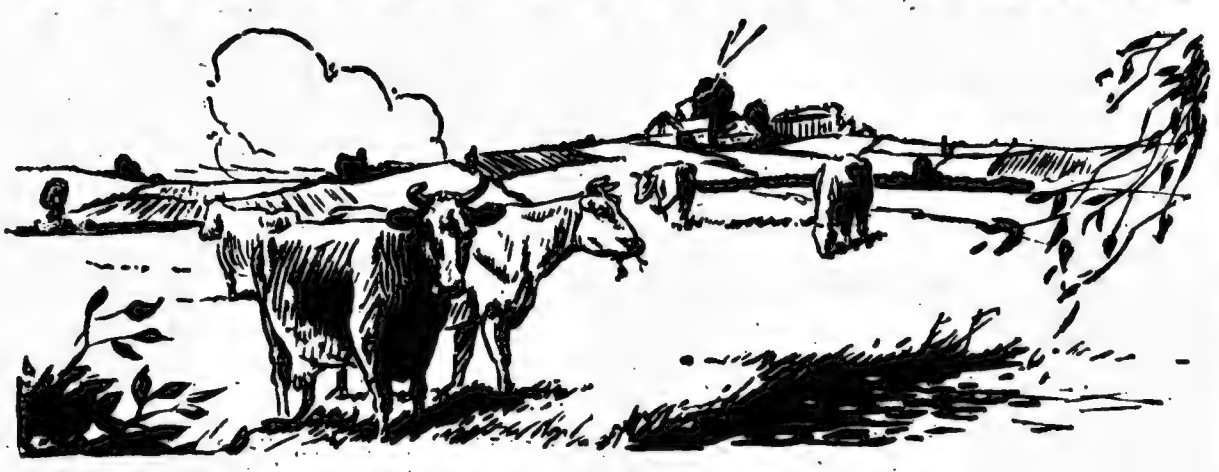
Laughter is medicine. It is better than any other medicine ever invented. It destroys morbid thoughts, gives a sense of proportion to things, and is the real cement of friendship.

"There are many men," said Sir Charles Higham once, "who are holding responsible positions and who have forgotten how to smile. I am sorry for them. They are missing the best in life."

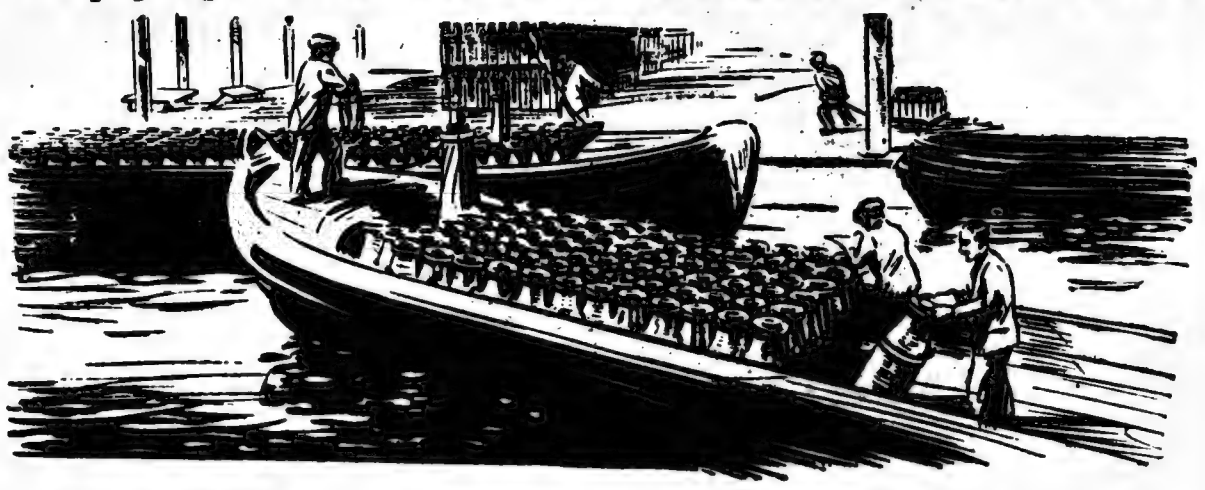
People who can't laugh are not only tired of life. They are tired of themselves. They must be—for they are the funniest things on earth if they only knew it.

THERE'S NO MILK BETTER than the best British milk; and that's the milk that goes into Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. On over 900 British farms special herds of cows are kept exclusively for this purpose. Within a few hours of milking, the day's rich yield, with all its cream, is being mixed with the pure chocolate in generous measure—a glass and a half for every half pound block, half a cup for every twopenny bar.

OVER 900 BRITISH FARMS



supply the FULL-CREAM MILK that



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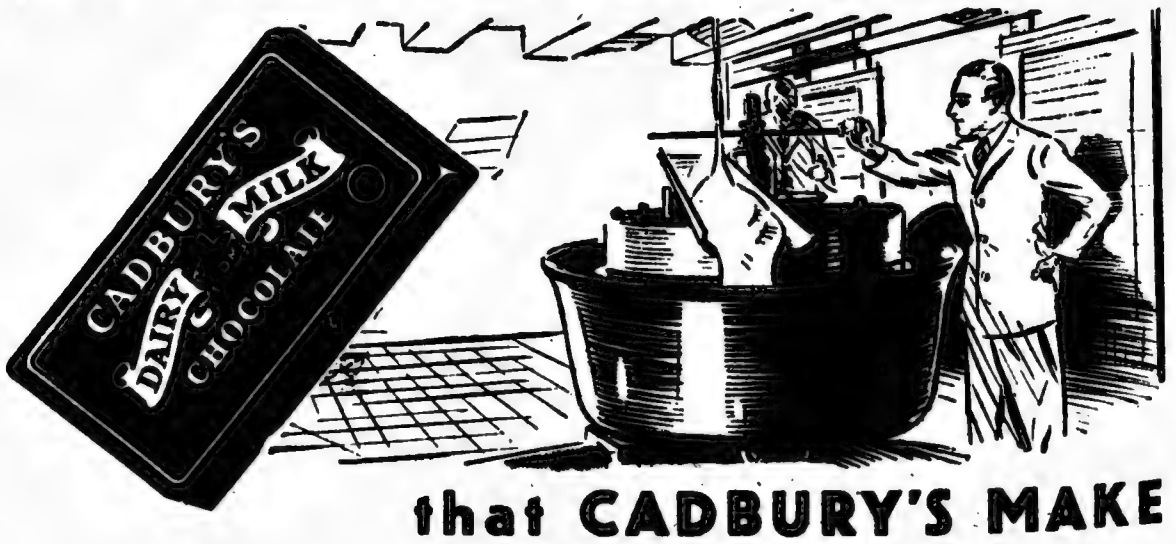


that CADBURY'S MAKE

—and that's why you'll say

'I WANT CADBURY'S'

Without FEAR or FAVOUR

A Monstrous MARRIAGE MARKET

"Simple, foolish folk, victimised or ridiculed by traitors"

IN the interests of public morality and for the protection of many simple women, action should be taken without delay to put the whole "matrimonial" Press out of business.

In this country to-day there are at least four periodicals published exclusively to carry paid advertisements by people who want to get married.

The law does not prohibit advertisements of this kind, but reputable newspapers and periodicals are unanimous in refusing them. They know that such advertisements are a public danger because of the exceptional opportunities they present to swindlers, blackmailers and vicious men and women.

During recent years JOHN BULL has repeatedly exposed scandals arising from these advertisements. In 1928 we published a series of articles by Sydney A. Moseley, who, posing as an ordinary advertiser, investigated the methods of *The Matchmaker*, a matrimonial paper edited by Thomas Owen.

A very widely reported libel suit was brought against us by Mr. Owen as the result of these articles. We were able to justify our exposure in court and we secured an important verdict.

But *The Matchmaker* is still being published.

Swindlers batten on them

IN the present state of the law there is nothing to prevent Owen or any other man, from publishing such a paper or from effecting introductions through its medium.

If they conduct their businesses properly and make careful enquiries before they accept any advertisement, we cannot question their actions. What we want is to bring about a change in the law itself.

For we assert that matrimonial advertisements are a menace to the community and that—even when care is exercised—it is practically impossible to prevent their misuse by swindlers and libertines.

At Leicester Quarter Sessions the other day Frank Kettleborough, a man of thirty-three, described as a jeweller, of Claverton Street, Westminster, London, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for obtaining a total of £711 from five women by false pretences.

One man's appalling record

KETTLEBOROUGH, with a number of previous convictions for theft and fraud, is a married man, and he got into touch with his victims through *The Matrimonial Times*.

It was disclosed that he had received introductions to ninety-three women and had corresponded with several of them at the same time.

Five of this cruel scoundrel's dupes and would-be brides gave evidence at the trial, and the Recorder described the case as "the most heartless and cruel fraud he had ever tried."

Unfortunately, Kettleborough's case is by no means an isolated one. For instance, the police some time ago received many complaints about a man named James King, a fellow of many aliases, who has been getting into touch with wealthy women through the matrimonial papers.

King stayed with two of his women dupes at West End hotels, and, promising marriage, he obtained from them all their money—in one case £800. But he was never arrested, and the matrimonial paper concerned never came into the limelight.

In another recent case a man answered a matrimonial advertisement, posed as a bachelor, and induced the advertiser, a Highgate girl with a private income, to part with £700. Then he decamped. Even the £20 paid to Mr. R. Charlesworth, of *The Matrimonial Post*, for the introduction was obtained by the man from the poor girl.

This man was already married, had committed several frauds, and had actually served a prison sentence for keeping a disorderly house!

On one occasion JOHN BULL investigated the case of a Welsh girl who got into touch through a matrimonial advertisement with an Indian and went abroad with him. Neither her friends nor relatives have ever heard from her since.

We have dealt so far only with the matrimonial Press, but our attack must extend with equal force to matrimonial agencies, such as the Universal Correspondence Club, or the Lonely Men and Women League, and others which have effected introductions of the same type.

Introduced to girls

A MAN named Daniel Boyce was sentenced some years ago to eighteen months' hard labour for an improper assault upon a girl of twenty who answered one of his advertisements.

Boyce admitted in court that he had been in correspondence with several girls whose names had been supplied to him through a correspondence club.

We mention this case as an illustration of the grave dangers to which any woman may be exposed if she is foolish enough to seek introductions through the matrimonial Press or through a matrimonial agency.

In this connection we may add that at a sensational murder trial some years ago it was disclosed that the murderer met his victim through the medium of a matrimonial agency. He sought her out for her money, and, when this was exhausted, he soon tired of her.

JOHN BULL said at the time "that poor woman's death must surely be laid at the door of the agency which first introduced her to such an unspeakable fiend."

Our own records contain a great many cases of cruel fraud, attempted blackmail, and even worse, all directly traceable to matrimonial papers, bureaux and agencies.

Most of these cases never come into court because of the victims' reluctance to prosecute or because the mean-hearted blackguards concerned were not worth powder and shot.

Moreover, for one case of fraud or insult, how many cases must there be of bitter disillusion and cruel disappointment?

It may be argued that people who advertise to find a husband or a wife are fools for their pains, but we cannot shirk our responsibilities in this way. It is the business of civilised communities to protect the fool against his folly.

Traitors in Cupid's court

AND we hold that by no means the least part of the matrimonial advertisement scandal lies in the wasted fees and tragic disappointment of simple, foolish folk, victimised or ridiculed by traitors in these sordid courts of Cupid.

As the law stands, we can do nothing but warn the public once again to have nothing to do with any matrimonial paper, agency or bureau.

But we urge upon our legislators, and more particularly upon the Home Secretary himself, the need to end this scandal once and for all by a change in the law itself.

It should be made illegal to publish matrimonial advertisements, and it should also be made a punishable offence to conduct a matrimonial agency for which fees are charged.

FAMOUS M

Wi
Ruin

These Russia carpenter's p Women's arm field—Tu

THOUGH few people realise its tremendous scope, Russia's Five-year Plan is an economic experiment which may sway the destiny of the world and have more lasting consequences than the Great War itself.

This plan, which first came into operation in October, 1928, aims at the rationalisation of every phase of Russian industry. It has already mobilised all adult workers in a population of 150,000,000, and, if it succeeds, Russia will become one of the greatest exporting countries in the world and, possibly, one of the biggest buyers.

Is the Five-year Plan a menace to British and Imperial industry?—Should we supply Russia with credits?—Should Russian imports be prohibited because of the low-wage conditions in which they are produced?

These are some of the questions which "John Bull" has asked a number of famous men to answer. Here we give their replies.

G. BERNARD SHAW

Russia is Saving Herself

The exclusion of Russia from the circle of international commerce has been an act of blindness and folly on the part of the capitalist Powers which proves, as all their post-war operations have suggested, that they do not understand their own selfish business.

For Communist Russia it has been a godsend.

Had the Powers hastened to finance war-ruined Russia and to trade with her, they would have saved their own enormous losses through unemployment, and they would now have been the owners of Russian industry.

By boycotting Russia in their frantic terror of Communism, they have thrown Russia on her own resources, and forced her to save herself by developing her own strength of body and soul.

And now the lazy, drunken, dirty, superstitious, slavish, hopeless Russia of the abominable Tsardom has arisen energetic, sober, clean, up-to-date intellectually, independent spirited, sanguine and unselfishly Communist.

The capitalist conquerors are shaking in their shoes lest she should do as they themselves would do—that is, use her newly born gigantic strength to starve her neighbours and extend her territories to enslave their inhabitants.

The Five-year Plan has succeeded because every man and woman and child engaged in it knows that the results will come to them and not be squandered on idlers.

* * *

They know that as it has already given them a shorter working week and a higher wage, with educational and cultural opportunities undreamed of by their fathers, and full social recognition as the really organic part of the community, it will give them a shorter working day presently, which means a longer leisure to use their own opportunities of higher living.

Such a plan is impossible in England or America because the workers would know that their extra operation would mean simply higher rents and bigger dividends for the idlers, and for themselves a more exhausting sweat and a shorter life.

The war was a tremendous lesson in the impotence of capitalism to produce even shells enough to defend itself, and in the irresistible and triumphant power of natural effort.

But the dog went back to his vomit and the sow to wallowing in the mire; and here we are, worse than ever.

The success of the Five-year Plan and the redemption of Russia by Communism is the second lesson.

Are we entirely unteachable?

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE

It Cannot Succeed

In my judgment, the Russian Five-year Plan cannot possibly succeed.

Russia has 150 million people, most of them very slow-thinking, unprogressive, easily satisfied and lacking in enterprise.

To change these people from agricultural people into an industrial people in five years' time or many times five years is, I think, impossible.

The Russians have never been organisers; the present organising being done there, as I gather, is being carried on by Germans, Americans, British, or people from other countries than Russia.

* * *

Russia can disturb the rest of the world, if the rest of the world is going to buy, by quoting impossibly low prices on agricultural products, on timber, furs, etc., because the cost of the labour in producing these products is wretchedly low and entirely beyond competition in any other country in Europe or in North or South America.

Personally, I should consider it bad judgment to purchase these articles at the low prices which Russia will be able to quote because, on the receipt of the money thus obtained, Russia will be able to go still further in her attempt to disorganise the general industrial, social and political conditions of the rest of the world.

It seems to me that it is not quite our business here in England to object to Russia doing as she chooses within her own borders.

If her people are willing to work for wages so low that they become beyond competition and associated with standards of living which most of the rest of the world has long outgrown, it is not quite our privilege to attempt to interfere with that system.

If those in authority, however, insist upon spreading propaganda in our own and other countries and endeavour to stir up ill-feeling and disloyalty among our own people, then we can seriously object and prevent that sort of thing if possible.

The more money that the world pays to Russia for wheat, timber or other agricultural products, the more money Russia will have to develop this propaganda and to develop her efforts industrially to disturb the equilibrium of the rest of the world.

Com. C. BELLAIRS, M.P.

Stop Slave Labour

The Five-year Plan is an imminent danger to all industries conducted under a non-slavery system, the distinction being that of the Anti-Slavery Convention, 1926, where slavery is defined as "the condition of a prison over whom any or all the rights of ownership are exercised."

If we are to avoid a great conflagration outside Russia we should stop all assistance to the Five-year Plan, whether by credits, trade or skilled engineering assistance.

The failure of the plan through finance would so seriously damage the prestige of Stalin and his stalwart Communists as to result in their overthrow.

Finance is the only means of preventing the success of the plan of harnessing the slavery of a vast nation to mass-production machinery in an area of boundless resources occupying nearly one-sixth of the globe.

Trade with Russia em-

...it the World?

...show: The veteran ...Drilling: a new power— ...ollectives ready for the ...pe at a work le..ture

G. Bernard Shaw—H. Gordon Selfridge Commander Bellairs — Lt.-Com. Kenworthy—Sir Martin Melvin Archibald Crawford, K.C. Sir Harold Bowden

phatically means the providing of credits to strengthen a system designed to destroy our own. In the six years 1924-1929 Russian imports to Great Britain exceeded our exports to Russia by £111,414,000.

Only a proportion of this is paid for by banking, insurance and shipping services, and the bulk of the exports were machines that will be used against us.

Russian imports, in my view, should be prohibited as long as slave conditions obtain in Russia, and nationals should also be prohibited from taking service with them.

Lt.-Com. KENWORTHY, M.P.

Greatest Scheme Ever Devised

Russia has embarked on a grandiose scheme of industrial expansion, the greatest ever devised.

By a tremendous and concentrated campaign of propaganda an attempt is being made to mobilise the whole of the population for the work of industrial development, just as the belligerent nations in the late war were mobilised for the armies and the making of munitions.

Much the same methods of discipline, mass suggestion, appeals to patriotism, and even compulsion, are employed. In the words of the Communist leaders, they hope that Soviet Russia will "overtake and surpass the leading capitalist countries."

The plan falls into two parts—industrialisation, and the reorganisation of agriculture. Starting more than two years ago, it is hoped to double the industrial output, and increase the product of agriculture by half by the year 1933.

* * *

The industrial side of the plan follows the well-known process of rationalisation, already adopted in Germany, America, and, to a lesser extent, in this country. But everything is being done on a huge scale.

Thus, one of the steel plants alone is to cost £80,000,000 and to produce 4,000,000 tons of steel a year against the biggest plant in America producing 3,400,000 tons.

Textiles, engineering, electrification, oil-production, coal-mining, etc., are to be on the same scale.

Agriculture is being organised into vast State farms, using the latest machinery and electrical equipment.

Some idea of the vastness of the plan is conveyed by the estimated total capital cost of £10,000,000,000.

Compare this with the war debt incurred by this country of £8,000,000,000 during the four years of the greatest struggle the world has ever seen.

Even if this Five-year Plan succeeds in part only, it will have a tremendous effect on the world's markets.

For here is a nation organised as a single unit for the sale of its products. What should be the answer? It is that we should organise the purchase of the products we need.

Even if the Five-year Plan succeeds only partially, Russia will have immense quantities of wheat and raw material to sell, of which we should take advantage, while her value as a market will be increased enormously; and in that market we should endeavour to sell our goods.

But individual buying and selling with a huge unit like Russia, as she will then be organised, will be at a hopeless disadvantage.

A huge national effort, by a nation formerly backward as in the case of Russia, can best be met by national planning, even by a highly industrialised country like our own.

If we are prepared to organise in our turn, there is nothing to be afraid of in the Five-year Plan.

Sir MARTIN MELVIN

No More Credits

No credits should be put up by this country to help Russia to export her products here.

Her men are being trained to work the new machines she is buying, which are later going to be in serious competition with us, owing to the fact that the Soviet will control the workman, deciding what starvation wages he shall receive, and the amount of food he shall eat.

This will enable Russia to put goods on to the market, not only in this country in but every other country in the world, at prices with which we can never hope to compete.

If the chief European Powers could formulate some scheme to control Russian trade, it would thereby force her eventually to come into line with modern requirements, as well as to respect modern commercial principles which are so vitally necessary for the commercial morality.

Sir HAROLD BOWDEN, Bt.

Playing into Soviet Hands

The Five-year Plan, as I see it, is a colossal political scheme to enable Russia to dump her products at will at any price she pleases in any of the world's markets.

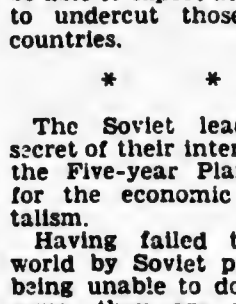
Such a plan demands organisation, raw materials, labour and capital. She possesses skilled political organisers with absolute powers, to whom the Russian proletariat is a vast machine to be used for the achievement of the world-revolution.

Her industrial organisers she has hired from other countries—notably America and Germany.

Within her own borders she can produce most of the raw materials she requires. Her labour is the cheapest in the world, being composed of slaves, prisoners, conscripts and sweated wage-earners.

Her capital she is acquiring with the help of the countries which she plans to ruin. From us she is obtaining credits to pay for the commodities we are exporting to her.

But during the past six years we have imported from Russia goods to the value of £140,000,000, for which we have made immediate payment, thereby financing her purchases of machinery, again mainly from America and Germany.



When it is remembered that her economic plans are admittedly subordinate to her political objects, the danger to this country will be realised.

The Five-year Plan is openly aimed at overthrowing the existing political systems by means of an economic war upon capitalist countries.

Moscow, in control of abundant raw material, the most up-to-date manufacturing plant in the world, and unlimited cheap labour, will be in a position to switch on or switch off, as she pleases, the current of cheap supplies.

Soviet Russia will thus be able to realise her aim of creating industrial chaos and its sequel—revolution. At present we are playing into her hands.

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD, K.C. (Director, Economic League)

Making War on the World

If the Soviet Five-year Plan is successful, it will become a menace to the economic system of the whole world.

The plan—the pre-requisite of which was the destruction of the whole capitalist system of society in Russia—aims at industrialising a country previously non-industrial in the Western sense, and in the complete reorganisation and socialising of agriculture.

If the plan is a success, even partially—and it is now in its third and most critical year—the Soviet Government will be able to export enormous quantities of wheat, agricultural products, minerals and manufactured goods.

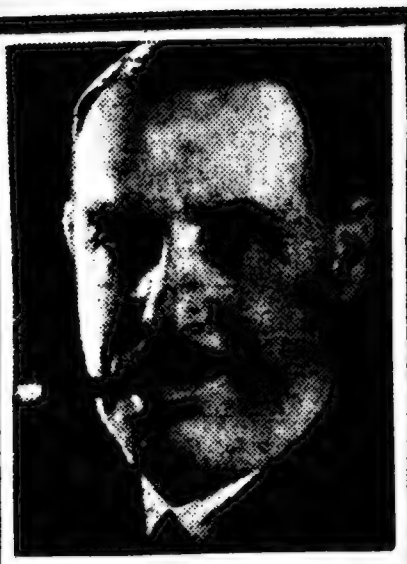
With an enormous labour reserve at their disposal, governed by a labour code which places every worker in Russia under an iron discipline and absolute control, the Soviet leaders, with supreme power to fix working hours, wages and selling-price as they think fit, will be able to export at prices designed to undercut those of all other countries.

* * *

The Soviet leaders make no secret of their intentions. To them the Five-year Plan is a weapon for the economic war on capitalism.

Having failed to conquer the world by Soviet propaganda, and being unable to do so by force of arms, they are now embarking upon an economic war.

I regard the Soviet Five-year Plan as a menace to the world in general and to those employed in British industry in particular.



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REAL LIFE STORIES

THERE are all sorts of stories of well-known men who, while still alive, have left the world behind and gone out into the night, covering all their tracks behind them. Some of them come back years afterwards with another name and a queer look in the eyes; others not at all.

This is the true story of Larry Howse, who had an almost international reputation because of the number of German machines he brought down during the last year of the war, and who carried about as many honours as one man could spread across his chest.

HE was the sort of dazzling, steel-nerved young superman of the air that one expected to keep continually in the world's eyes by picturesque trans-oceanic flights till he finally crashed; but when he did fall it was not from the sky, and even his best friends did not know what had happened to him.

Miller and I were among his best friends, though Miller knew him the more intimately, having doctored him for a machine-gun bullet that penetrated somewhere near the base of his skull.

"I always felt sorry that Larry was never the same after that affair," he used to say. "More dash; less foresight! As if the blood were continually flowing to his head in a rush."

But for months we had never mentioned him, till one night in the Marquesas Islands a chance conversation brought up his name.

We were sitting on the veranda of Matthieu, a French soldier, sniffing in the heady odour of stephanotis, and watching the moon rise over an island in the harbour.

IT was the sort of timeless, magical night one gets in those places—lapping of water on shelly beaches, trailing of banana-fronds on tin roofs, spicy odours abroad on the windless air!

Matthieu was talking of the way the tropics get hold of a man:

"So many think to come here only for a time. They would use their cameras for a little, bathe in the lagoon, and wander off by the next boat.

"But there is no Garden of Eden without a snake in the grass, *n'est-ce pas?* . . . And sometimes the snake does not give out poison, but a kind of sleeping sickness."

And he talked with a slight chuckle about a young man who lived on a little island over which the moon was just rising, showing his face to no one but a few natives.

He had come to the island a few years before, it appeared, and had been bitten by the snake.

BUT there was an indirectness, a veiled allusiveness, about the way Matthieu told the story that made it fail to grip our brains, which were under the narcotic influence of the night.

It was only when we were back at the little, ramshackle boarding-house that Miller said suddenly:

"Did he say that fellow's name was Howse?"

"Something like that," I told him. "But you don't believe——"

And we both fell to thinking about Larry, mad-brained, impulsive, the idol of so many men and women.

Apart from machine-gun bullets, the snares that seemed most likely to bring him down were gambling and the chance lure of some butterfly-glance resting on his own.

It did not seem possible that while he still had his senses he would lock himself up on that tiny island that was so far away from the world of living men.

But when I woke in the morning I found that a change had come over Miller, who was usually engrossed in his medical experiments with the effect of tropic light on the human skin.

He had been questioning one of the boarding-house boys, and had found that the hermit copra-grower on the island really was Howse.

"We've got to go over and see him," he said. "From all I can gather, he wants help badly enough. They've got some story about his falling in love with the chief's daughter when he came here. The worst crash he's had yet!"

Poor old Miller! I hadn't realised how wrapped up in Howse he was till then. With his sun-darkened glasses, his limping gait, and his abstracted, scientific ways, he always seemed a little remote from ordinary human interests.

It wasn't till we were rowing over to the island after breakfast that I dug out of him all he had learnt about Howse.

The morning was one of bewildering beauty, and it was easy to steep the senses in it and let human affairs drift.

Tall mountains rose up behind the harbour, losing their heads in the sky, and lower down among the greenery a waterfall flashed here and there like a diamond.

But the sight of a boatshed and a triangle of tin roof gleaming through the coco-palm brought back my mind to Larry Howse.

"What really has happened to Larry?" I asked. "This chief's daughter—he surely didn't marry her?"

Miller shook his head.

"No, but see that."

He pointed to the sun-bitten arm of the native boatman. It was marked with a palm-tree and an anchor, done in blue and red, with a flat-headed snake coiled round the wrist.

"The niggers are artists here," he said. "Only they like their decorations done on the face.

"I suppose this chief's daughter thought that if Larry consented to that it would be final proof that he was playing a straight game.

"Love's a light affair here usually, and men come and go. . . . But that didn't prevent him throwing the glove back in her face when he'd done it, like the man who went down among the lions."

We had come close to the small, rickety boatshed when suddenly a gun was fired and a bullet zipped past us and skimmed along the surface of the water.

"Keep back," roared a voice, as though it were shouting through a megaphone.

In panic the native dropped his paddles, but Miller picked them up and sent the boat in to the beach.

A big, florid man, with a rifle in his hand and a step like a panther's, was coming towards us through the undergrowth.

He was dressed in a singlet and knickers, and his whole body was burnt mahogany yellow by the sun; the tattooed face under the low hat-brim was hard and strained.

YET the doctor was sure of his man. "Hello, Larry, old boy!" he said, springing out. "A bit casual with that gun of yours, aren't you?"

It was an awkward situation. Howse had his head turned away, and I believe that for one mad moment he had an impulse to shoot us both and then turn the gun on himself.

Perhaps he was a little off his head

"The tattooed face was hard and strained . . ."

The BRAND

by RANN DALY

bit deep and kept a fallen man down, until—

"Hello—a bit casual with that gun of yours, aren't you?"

at having lived so long alone with his own thoughts.

But Miller's cheerful, easy-going talk seemed to bring an everyday atmosphere to our meeting.

At any rate, before long we were seated at a meal in Howse's tin shack, doing our best to pretend nothing had altered since we were together in some mess-hut back of the line.

Howse hardly said a word, and we tried hard to keep our eyes off the hieroglyphics on his face.

BUT the queer look in his eyes when Miller spoke of the flights of Hinckler and Kingsford Smith showed what was burning in him.

It was only near the end of our stay that the violence in him broke out. That was when Miller said casually:

"You'll have to come back, Larry, old boy."

Howse looked as if he were going to fly at his throat and choke him.

"My God! You can talk like that to me! Do you think I'm ever likely to get this brand off?"

"Oh, yes," said Miller simply.

"How, then?"

"There are more ways than one. The simplest is with a mixture of nitrate of silver and tannic and nitric acid. . . . I'll be staying here for a few weeks, so I could do the job."

His smooth, matter-of-fact voice, with its air of professional exactitude, seemed to strike through the weak places of Howse's armour. He went off suddenly to his room, and I was ready to wager that he was lying in his bunk, crying like a girl.

"It was a bad head-wound Larry had," Miller said, coming back. "But that wasn't what made him crash. There was a woman back in Sydney—sometimes I think she was the most wonderful woman in the world.

"Young, alive from top to toe, but headstrong as he was. Turned him down because he wouldn't take her on some flight or other, and later got engaged to an old fool with one leg in the grave. . . . Lucky he didn't turn that gun on us again. It was a close shave."

In the days that followed, I saw nothing of Howse. It was a delicate matter, and it seemed best to leave the two men alone. Besides, there were valleys to be explored and trips to be made inland on native ponies.

One day an American pointed out to me a tall, straight girl who was walking along the beach road with a white flower behind her ear and a trailing creeper in her hand.

"Lelia, the chief's daughter," he said. "Heard about the white man who let her fool him into putting the native marks on him?

"She's not so pretty now as she was then—the women go to pieces here at twenty or thereabouts. In a little while she won't be able to find her waist."

I wondered how the doctor was getting on. He didn't talk about Howse, but he went over to the island every other day, and he usually seemed a bit moody and absorbed when he came back.

Poor old short-sighted Miller! Another man's troubles were always more important to him than his own.

ONE day he borrowed the cracked mirror from the boarding-house bedroom and asked me to come over to the island with him.

I was staggered to see Howse again. So completely had the healthy skin covered up the ravages that had been made upon it that he looked a different man. Quite like the old Larry!

"Have a look at yourself," quizzed the doctor. "Fairly satisfactory job, isn't it?"

Howse stared at his own face in the mirror as if he hadn't seen it for years and didn't know it. A stupor seemed to have come over him. It was a long time before he spoke, and then he muttered, half to himself, half to the doctor:

"Married years ago, didn't she?"

"No," grunted Miller. "Was she likely to?"

There was a slight crash as the mirror dropped to the floor. It was only when we were picking up the pieces that I realised they were talking about the girl in Sydney. Most likely it was the first time they had mentioned her.

WHEN we sat down to a meal, Howse acted as though he were drunk. He babbled about trans-oceanic flights, asked questions without waiting for the answer, rushed to the window to look at a schooner that was going out through the headlands.

From time to time he flung out his arms as if he wanted to break down the walls that had shut him in all those years. Then he rapped out enquiries about boats.

There was a mad streak in him, he admitted, but it had worked itself out pretty thoroughly by now.

"Larry's fixed all right," I said to Miller going back. "In a little while all this will just be a dream to him, and we'll be seeing his photo in all the papers in connection with some hare-brained flight or other."

"PROBABLY this wonderful woman in Sydney will him! . . . What about the old fool she was engaged to?"

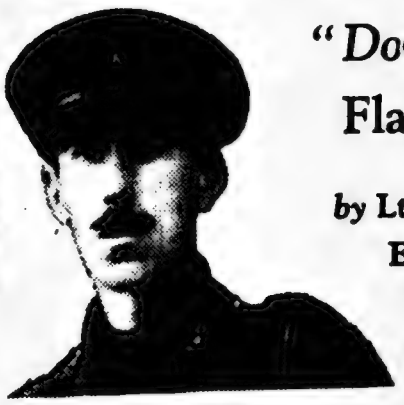
Miller winced.

"Oh, that was a wash-out. Misunderstanding all round. . . . Did I say he was an old fool?"

Poor, gamey-legged Miller, with his comic walk and his single-minded loyalty! I didn't attempt to pry further into his secrets. And, anyhow, this story is about Howse.

Next Week:

The authentic record of a miraculous escape from a blazing war 'plane. A vividly told Real Life Story

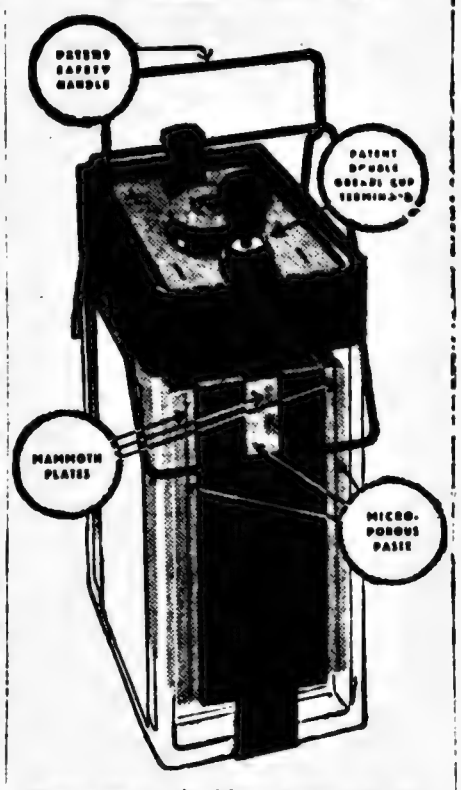


"Down in Flames"

by Lt.-Col. F. A. EWART

(*Late* R.A.F.)

PATENT DOUBLE GREASE-CUP TERMINALS PREVENT CORROSION



These patent double grease-cup terminals are one of those small, but important, detail improvements which lift Fuller Batteries into a class by themselves. A supply of grease is stored where it cannot touch your fingers, yet every time you connect the battery you renew the grease barrier below the point of contact. Thus there can be no corrosion from acid, and therefore perfect contact is *always* maintained.

Fuller Batteries have the added advantages of 'Mammoth' plates, micro-porous paste and patent non-slip carrying handle which folds out of the way when not in use. Fit a Fuller and forget battery troubles. Ask your dealer to show you the L.D.G.—2 v. 60 a.h. Price 9 6. Obtainable from Fuller Agents or any reputable dealer.

Write to Dept. J.B. for explanatory folder and full list of sizes and types post free.

FULLER

SUPER BATTERIES

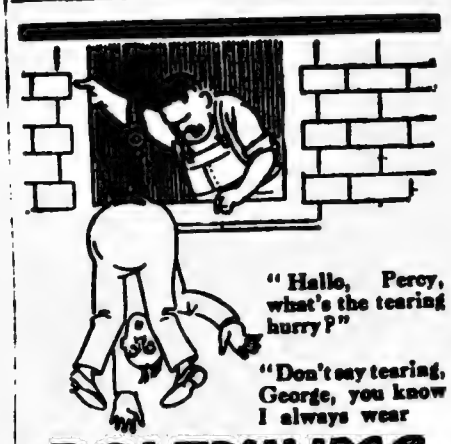
H.T. WET ACCUMULATORS

Dry charged. Micro-porous pasted plates, patent grease-cup terminals, moulded glass boxes, M.H.G. 10 volts 3,000 milliamp hours capacity, 5/-. Also D.M.H.G. 6,500 milliamps, 6/9. Ask for list 270a.

CAR BATTERIES

Patent double grease-cup terminals to eliminate risk of acid creep. Strong durable ebonite containers. Micro-porous paste. There is a type for every car—ask for lists 104a and 105a.

FULLER ACCUMULATOR CO. (1926), LTD.
CHADWELL HEATH, ESSEX.



"Hallo, Percy, what's the tearing hurry?"

"Don't say tearing, George, you know I always wear

BOLENIUMS

THE SUPER OVERALLS THAT NEVER LET YOU DOWN

Worn by the man who knows. Stronger where the strain comes,

6/6

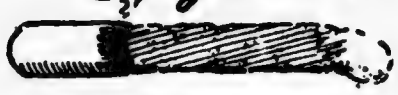
BIB & BRACE

Toughest of the tough, smartly cut, all seams double sewn.

Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS
(Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13

Put down your Cigarette



and see how it burns itself away. Soon nothing will be left except the ash. You get only half-value and hot smokes from such factory-made cigarettes.

Roll your own cigarettes in the chemical free A.G. paper. Light up and notice the difference, especially the coolness. See how slowly they burn, and they cost you less too, *much less*, when you use

AG *the paper of perfect purity—*

and chemical free

To Sufferers from

INDIGESTION

The following facts about Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges should strongly appeal to sufferers from Indigestion who have failed so far to find an effective remedy.

They are made by Savory & Moore from a formula of Dr. Edward Jenner, one of the most eminent physicians of his day.

They act by counteracting ACIDITY, which is the main cause of most digestive troubles.

They give relief even in chronic cases of indigestion, when other remedies have been tried without avail.

They are particularly useful in relieving HEART-BURN and FLATULENCE at night, which are so frequently the cause of SLEEPLESSNESS.

It is generally found that after a short course of them digestion is so much improved that ordinary meals can be taken without the least discomfort.

They are quite harmless, containing nothing in the nature of a drug, and can be used with confidence by young and old alike.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

To SAVORY & MOORE, Chemists to The King.
143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.
Please send me a **FREE SAMPLE** of Dr. Jenner's ABSORBENT LOZENGES.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B. 20.6.31.

My AIM in Life—3.

by the Rev. BASIL JELLICOE

The unconventional padre who runs two pubs and is building flats in Somers Town, London, here contributes the third of this series of articles by distinguished people whose lofty ambition is to help humanity.

"THE police warned me that it would be an appallingly rough house"

PARSON'S NIGHT-CLUB SCHEME

MY great object in life is to clean up the slums and work for a solution of the whole industrial problem.

We have got ourselves into such a fix that without God's help in a practical form we shall never extricate ourselves.

Unemployment, sweated labour, industrial strife, the thousands of filthy hovels of slumdom are all outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual disgrace.

They are the result of confining God to churches and Christianity to Sunday mornings—of segregating religion from civilisation.

By reversing the process which has brought all these evils upon us, we can get rid of them again.

When we set out to build our Garden Estate in Somers Town we didn't rely first on housing experts, we relied on God; and we didn't appeal to people for money, we appealed to them for prayers.

Having started in this spirit, the experts, the capital, and even the dividends have followed in their place.

This method would work in any sort of social or industrial undertaking—anything, from farming pigs to manufacturing tooth-paste, would flourish.

Take, for instance, agriculture. My cure for it is to found a College of Farmers. I should need only a handful of farmers to form it, but each would have to be a man who had felt the call to serve God through farming.

I am hoping that somebody will come forward one day and offer me a farm to be used as a demonstration model.

I HAVEN'T the slightest doubt that a farm which was run in the right spirit would be a great success, and would lead the way to a revival in agriculture.

To-day a boy often becomes a farmer simply because he is too "thick" to get into a local garage. Farming can only be revived by a band of inspired persons.

The same thing could be extended to all branches of industry. We should need demonstration factories of many kinds.

I should also like to found a College of Domestic Service. There is too much class-consciousness about domestic service at present. Christ's attitude towards it is the right one—that only by serving other people can you rule them.

I should like to reintroduce this spirit by getting one or two young men and women of extremely high birth to go into service as housemaids and footmen, and to make the care of the home the great and honourable profession it is meant to be.

We have already founded the germ of a College of Publicans.

A young farmer came up to me one day and announced that he had decided not to return to his job in South Africa, which was a good one, but to stay in London and help us with our work.

I told him quite frankly that I had no job ready for him, but he insisted—with the result that he became the manager of the "Anchor."

The "Anchor" was our first demonstration pub in Somers Town. It is where we are showing the world every day what can be done in a pub where beer is regarded as God's Beer and not as the Devil's Brew.

Before we opened it, some policemen in Somers Town warned me that it would turn out to be an appallingly rough house—in fact, I had some difficulty in preventing them standing by in case of emergency.

But actually there has never been the slightest trouble or disorderly behaviour since the day it was opened—except for a mad prohibitionist who stalked me with a loaded revolver.

What did happen was that we nearly drove several other pubs in the neighbourhood out of business.

THE essential thing about a Christian pub is to have a publican in charge of it who has felt the call to serve God behind the bar. So far we have found two such men.

The second is now the publican of our other house, the "Tavistock," and if I can find ten more in my lifetime I shall die happy.

Twelve inspired men once turned the world upside down, and twelve more can reinspire slum public-houses all over England by the power of God.

Now that we have the "Anchor" and the "Tavistock," I see something more—something on the lines of the Continental café.

A great deal of food is served in the "Anchor" and the "Tavistock," which is a step in the right direction; but I should like to do away with the bar and have small tables and waiters.

I want to raise the dignity of the pub and to raise the status of the publican. I want it to be a place in which Christ can come among His people.

As things are, *Mary* and *Joseph* might come into the "Anchor," but the *Child* would have to be left outside in the gutter.

We hope soon to have a crèche for babies next door, but that is not enough.

I want all pubs made fit for children to enter unashamed. I want to have bars over which babies can be served with milk.

And then there is recreation—What if I started a demonstration night club?

The night clubs we have now are so deadly dull, and no wonder, for the people who frequent them have no reason for dancing or drinking.

LIFE to them is "one damn thing after another," and they often drink and dance to forget it. But life to the Christian ought to be "one blessed thing after another."

My demonstration night club will try to express this.

Once in England the Church was the centre of all activity. The maypole was planted at the church door, and people danced round it because they knew that God was among them.

Then the Church became rich and prosperous, domineering and aggressive, with the result that both our work and play became cut off from the flow of vital religious forces.

My aim is to help to restore the link, and so to begin a mighty rebuilding of broken homes, broken lives and a broken industrial system; a return to the joyous spirit in which our ancestors used to praise God and dance round the maypole, so that England may once again be "Merrie England."

NEXT WEEK: *"My Plan to Give Labour a Share in Industry"*
By LORD MELCHETT

Home-made Lemonade

cannot be as good as 'KIA-ORA'

Lemons deteriorate with keeping. Most lemons are kept boxed for months before reaching you. Meanwhile the citric acid steadily decreases, together with a notable proportion of their flavour and vitamins. And these are the lemons you use for home-made lemonade.

Compare lemonade, made from such lemons, with 'Kia-Ora,' made from fresh fruit, gathered from our own trees in the sunny groves of Messina; crushed on the spot at the moment of tree-ripeness . . . fresh Lemonade made from perfect fruit, saturated with sunshine when its vitamin content is at the highest.

PRICES REDUCED

Bottle *(Squash)* } 1/11
Decanter *(Crush)* }
Full-half size 1/-

KIA-ORA
LEMON OR ORANGE
SQUASH & CRUSH

Gladdens the heart of the hitherto harassed!

THE weather, the Government, business worries and even Income Tax are much less provoking when you wear a "TREMOLA" SHIRT and COLLAR. The artist neatly conveys the pride inspired by the smart colours and silky weave. Kindly disposed to the purse, and supremely good wearing.

"A Wemco FABRIC."

Tremola (REGD)
SHIRTS COLLARS & PYJAMAS

Ask your Hosier or Outfitter to show you "TREMOLA" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS for present-day wear.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF *Tricoline* THE EQUAL TO SILK.

See Tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.
Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4 if any difficulty in obtaining.

The NEW
UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

The new Underwood Portable is not just a new *model*, or an old model adapted and called new. It is the last word in mechanical perfection, created by the typewriter leader of the world . . . *new* in design, *new* in distinctive individual features, *new* in performance. And every movement, every action is smooth . . . and *quiet*.

Outstanding features of the
NEW UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

(1)—A new carriage return so *quiet* that it never interrupts the train of thought. (2)—A *quieter*, easier key action. (3)—New, *quiet* shift-key mechanism. (4)—A new, variable line spacer, easy to reach. (5)—Automatic ribbon reverse. (6)—Improved mechanical construction . . . a choice of colour as well as black. In a neat carrying case, of course.

All these additional features to the portable that was already the best in the world. Learn more about the *new* Underwood Portable . . . cut out the coupon below and we will arrange for you to have a free trial in your home or office.

EASY TERMS 21/- *with order and* 14 *monthly payments*

UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER LIMITED,
BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2 (*Telephone: Temple Bar 7722*)
or from dealers and High-class Stationers everywhere.

Underwood—Elliott Fisher—Sundstrand—speed the world's business ● Sales and Service everywhere.

FREE TRIAL Underwood Elliott Fisher Limited, Bush House, London, W.C.2

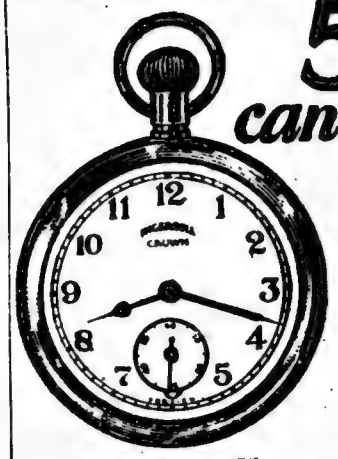
Please send me further details of the NEW Underwood Portable together with particulars of the Free Trial Offer, and list of addresses of your Branches and Agents.

Name .....

Address .....

..... J.B.20.6.31

The Best Watch 5/- can buy



With Radiolite dial 7/6

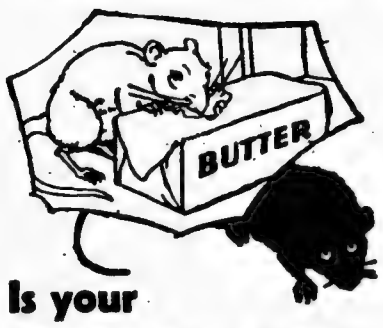
Ingersoll

The Ingersoll Crown is still the most remarkable value in the watch-world. Its handsome nickel case and clearly marked dial make it a perfect pocket watch for all who value appearance, and its accuracy is backed by over 25 Years' reputation, as well as by the famous Ingersoll guarantee.

Sold by Ingersoll Accredited Agents. Ingersoll Ltd., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

DOCTORS WHO SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION

due to or accompanied by acidity or food fermentation, get relief within five minutes after taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. If you suffer after eating, if food lies like lead in your stomach, causing pain, distress, and keeping you awake at night, get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your nearest chemist and take a little in water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt, and you'll feel the benefit within five minutes. Doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia and the great London Hospitals use it, because they know it is a certain remedy for indigestion in its hundred and one forms. Eat what you want when you want it—just a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia afterwards, and your digestion will be functioning normally and healthfully.



Is your Larder germ-free?

Are you haunted by the fear of rat-borne disease? No home is safe from the invasion of these pests with its attendant food infection, sickness and waste.

Put down Liverpool Virus. Feel safe. Be safe.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Drives Rats and Mice outdoors to die. They dry up. No smell.

Of all chemists. Mice 1/6 & 2/6, Rats 2/6 & 6/-

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB LTD., 56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Missing Girl Mysteries

Ivy Howell (above), Phyllis Cole, and (below) Madge Jones are eagerly sought

SINCE we published the story of Althea Taylor, the pretty Suffolk girl who had been missing from her home for over a year, we have received many poignant letters.

Althea was found and went back to her family within twenty-four hours of the publication of our article, while the professional heartbreaker who had originally gone away with her went to jail.

Now, many parents whose daughters have disappeared without leaving any clue as to their intention are begging us to broadcast an appeal to the public in the hope that it will succeed as in the case of Althea Taylor.

Hundreds a week

How many people realise the vastness of this problem? How many know that the number of people regularly listed as "missing" rarely falls below two thousand each week?

And a remarkably high percentage of these missing folk are girls.

In recent weeks JOHN BULL alone has received appeals from sorrowing parents in almost every corner of the country.

From Middlesex, Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Wiltshire, Scotland, Wales, and even from the island of Anglesey, come requests for assistance in tracing some relative whose absence means heartbreak to those who watch and wait.

"I do pray you can help me," writes one mother. "It is killing me. . . . I must tell someone, or I shall go mad. Do, please, try and help me."

This cry is typical and comes straight from the heart. "Missing!" The word spells pathos and tragedy.

Writing from Whitefield, near Manchester, Mrs. C. T. Howell begs us to try and trace her daughter Ivy, whom she has not seen since August, 1930.

Letter—too late

The only news received since Ivy left home has been a letter asking her parents to insert a notice in a certain newspaper on a stipulated date saying whether they would be willing to forgive her if she returned home.

The parents were willing enough to forgive their daughter for the anxiety her disappearance had caused them, but her letter reached them too late to insert the vital notice.

So now they ask us to give publicity to their case in the hope that Ivy will read these lines and know that a loving reception awaits her

"I am worried to death at not knowing the whereabouts of my daughter," writes Mrs. M. Evans, formerly Mrs. Jones, of Gaerwen, Anglesey.

She has not seen her daughter since September, 1930, and fears that she left home with a married man.

The long suspense and the absence of news of any kind is telling grievously upon the mother, who would give everything she possesses to know that her daughter is alive and well.

Deeply touching is a letter which reaches us from a Mrs. Smeeton, of Glasgow.

Her daughter Katherine has been missing from home for two years. When last heard of she was a nurse in a mental home at Ilford.

"My heart is broken, as she is my only daughter," writes Mrs. Smeeton. "I am almost out of my mind about her, not knowing whether she is dead or alive. . . . I am all alone in the world. . . . If only she would write."

Mr. F. Cole, of Lacock, near Chippenham, Wilts, longs for tidings of his daughter Phyllis. She left home to enter service in Birmingham.

The last word of any sort was a brief note accompanying a parcel which Phyllis sent for her baby brother's birthday. It bore the Walsall postmark.

Since then there has been silence, and the parents are almost distracted.

Another of our readers, Mrs. Hannah Parry, writes from Trehafod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, sorrowing for her daughter Gwladys, who has been missing from home since the night of February 24.

"Despite the efforts of the police and the publication of her photograph and description in the leading daily and Sunday newspapers," writes Mrs. Parry, "we have not as yet heard one single thing about her."

Gwladys, who worked in London, lodged in North Finchley. According to her landlady, she set out to go to a dance and failed to return.

She had sent money to her mother only the day before; but Mrs. Parry has been unable to find out where her daughter was employed or whether she now has any means of livelihood.

This girl, who is only twenty-one, has a scar at the base of her right-hand thumb.

Then there is the case of seventeen-year-old Marjory Escott, of Penarth, Glamorgan, who disappeared early in May, when she was supposed to take up a situation as a maid with a family only a few miles away from her home.

Except for a soiled postcard bearing a Paddington postmark, on which Marjory declared she was safe, the parents have heard nothing. They do not know how she raised her fare to London or what has since become of her.

The anxiety of all parents of missing girls is heightened by disquieting reports which from time to time appear in the Press of the fate of others.

Quite recently, for instance, it was reported that a father had found his daughter entering a low café in Liverpool, kept by a notorious negro.

Write home now!

A young girl, still in her teens, was recently found by the police in a criminal haunt in Soho, after her parents had sought her everywhere.

A large proportion of girls now posted as missing may be quite well and happy and in good situations, and only thoughtlessness or a fear that they will not be forgiven by their parents for having left home prompts them to keep silent.

If this applies to any we have named in this article we urge them to lose no time in writing home.

Whitehall IMPOSTOR Named!

THE anonymous stranger who is busily visiting suburban houses in the guise of a sanitary inspector and pocketing any article of value on which he can lay his hands need be anonymous no longer.

We issued a brief warning a few weeks ago under the title "The Bogus Man from Whitehall," and now we reveal that he is an Irish rogue named Patrick O'Flynn, but he has numerous aliases, including those of Boultwood, Thomas, Maynard, Williams and Hewitt.

He poses variously as an inspector from the Ministry of Health looking for bad drains, an electrical expert from the local council, and a Post Office man checking complaints from telephone subscribers. Sometimes he becomes an engineer from the gas company seeking leakages.

He moves about the house with notebook and pencil, impressively tapping walls and pretending to jot down notes.

Then he asks the householder to go downstairs or into an adjoining room and tap upon the wall while he listens.

Once he is left alone he pounces on articles of value, winds up his "inspection," and departs.

In this way O'Flynn has recently taken jewellery, silver plate, valuable ornaments, purses and handbags.

Make a last line!

£50 First PRIZE

1053 OTHER PRIZES

for 'Diploma' Limericks

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £10
3rd PRIZE £5
4th PRIZE £2
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
500 ELECTRO-PLATED CHEESE HOLDERS

Said a stout lady cyclist of Staines
"Nevermore will I ride when it rains,
For the last time I did
Though I tried not to skid

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, June 26, 1931.

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The *English* CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire, 6, 8 or 12 portions 1/4½

D 182

£1,100
Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 117.

In the above contest solutions containing one error were received from the following eight competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £125 will be despatched.

Miss A. Bentley, 9, Portland Street, Bradford, Yorks.
Mrs. Carre, 4, Warrington Gardens, Maida Vale, W.9.
Mrs. L. Crane, The Grange, Kirton, Boston, Lincs.
A. Groves, 17, Mersfield Street, Rochdale.
G. Hartley, 22, Burnley Lane, Huncoat, Accrington.
Mrs. L. Johnson, "Mona," 78, Stechford Road, Ward End, Birmingham.
Miss B. Oates, 57, The Avenue, Wainfelin, Pontypool.
L. N. Wardley, 21, Sydenham Road, Sydenham, S.E.26

Any entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £1,000 and does not appear above must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 30, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and P.O. number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to The Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 111 competitors, who submitted solutions containing two errors and will each receive 18s. 1d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been verified.

Another £1,100 X-Word appears on Page 32. Try your Skill now!

One Blade per year with 2/6

SHARPEX

A scientific Sharpener for all Gillette type blades. Gives a keen shaving edge in 30 seconds. Simple and safe. Obtainable at Stores, Ironmongers and good-class Chemists. Write for leaflet to Patentees, Pifco, Ltd., High St., Manchester.

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

For all types of Gillette blades.
SAVE WHILE YOU SHAVE!

DENTISTS

UNDERSTAND GIBBS

"Gibbs Dentifrice is very efficient": *says a Dental Authority*

A recent investigation amongst 9,765 British Dentists, provides a striking tribute to Gibbs Dentifrice. Of the replies received: ● 80·4% favour an Alkaline Dentifrice ● 66·4% stipulate a Saponaceous base ● 91·5% insist on Calcium Carbonate as the polishing agent. Gibbs Dentifrice conforms exactly to these essentials. Just the ingredients to clean your teeth thoroughly, surely, safely. Accept the verdict of leading dentists in their own words: "Gibbs Dentifrice is very efficient" . . . "Leave it just as it is." Use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day—visit your dentist twice a year. Then you have done everything possible to preserve perfect glistening teeth through life. Supremely good as it is, Gibbs Dentifrice costs much less to buy and gives three times the service of ordinary pastes and powders. In the new case—Gibbs Dentifrice is even more convenient and economical. The shallow channelled base leaves the tablet high and dry, and more accessible to the tooth brush.

● Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

GIBBS DENTIFRICE

BRITISH MADE

THE MOST ECONOMICAL DENTIFRICE

Aluminium Cases: Popular size 7½d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. In tubes 6d. and 1/-. Gibbs Mouth Wash, a fragrant and antiseptic powder, 1/- per flask.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., CITY SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.1

GDI2a

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2 & 3.

Brighten your smile

Beech-Nut

Chewing Sweets

B.B.87.

Wash Away Superfluous Hair

In Less Time Than it Takes to Don Your Bathing Suit

As easily and quickly as you change from street clothes to bathing suit, you can banish superfluous hair . . . Three million women have done it!

1 Simply apply a dainty beauty cream—called VEET—as it comes from the tube.

2 Then rinse away the hairs.

That's all there is to it. Not even a shadow remains. And the skin is left as white and smooth as if there never had been any unsightly growth. Perfect results every time, or money refunded.

THE GRAVES
'PROGRESS'
BARGAIN SALE

Price complete & Carriage Paid **£3:0:0**

Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whippededges 66 x 88ins, weight 7½lbs.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins

IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.

30 years character for honourable trading. *Catalogue Post Free*

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

GUARD YOUR HEALTH

TAKE **CONSTIPON**

Nature's Original Laxative

IDEAL FOR CHILDREN.

Sold by all Chemists.

TABLETS 3d., 6d. and 1/- per box

The Queue ROUND THE EARTH

He is better off—an unemployed Briton looks down on 12,000 Americans scrambling for 2,000 jobs. No dole for the unlucky ones

WHEN the unemployed workers of Great Britain go to the employment exchange to register or to draw relief, how many of them realise that they are benefiting by a system which has set an example to the world?

Great Britain led the way in compulsory unemployment insurance. Now there are ten countries with compulsory insurance schemes, under which over 44,600,000 workers are insured.

But there are other countries where no compulsory system exists—the United States, for instance.

During the period of prosperity nobody thought of introducing State insurance; and now, when the American Federation of Labour speaks of ten millions unemployed, they must rely on methods of private or charitable relief, combined with municipal grants of money, goods and shelter.

The result is chaos—long lines of weary men, waiting outside relief-stations for a bowl of soup; and a tremendous increase in the statistics of crime.

Feeling the pinch

France is another country where there is no national system of State insurance. For years France has had a favoured position among the nations of Europe. For years there was no unemployment. Labour was actually imported.

But now the "world slump" has begun to affect France. The number of her unemployed—while still low when compared with that of Britain, America, or Germany — is growing.

But France has no State insurance. There are "mutual schemes" in various industries, such as mining, in which employers and workers contribute to a private unemployment fund.

That is not enough now, and the French exchequer has had to make grants to the Ministry of Labour of sums which are locally distributed.

To-day one may see the French unemployed lining up at the town-hall, where the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, the "Welfare Bureau," distributes relief.

In Germany they line up, too, in their thousands For the unemployed there now number 4,300,000.

While insurance is compulsory in Germany, as is also registration at the employment exchanges, the regular contributions come only from the worker and the employer.

The State, however, pays subsidies to the fund, to make up deficiencies. The public authorities also supervise the administration of the relief.

In Germany, when the unemployed man has exhausted his benefit—that is, after twenty-six weeks—he passes another test, and becomes eligible for "emergency benefit," which is somewhat less.

Based on wages

There are no flat rates in Germany, as we have here. The relief is based on a proportion of the last wages which the applicant received when in work.

The "emergency benefit" comes out of another fund, which is made up by the German Government, contributing four-fifths, and the local authorities, who contribute one-fifth. This lasts for thirty-two weeks.

And then? Then there is yet a third class of relief, for in Germany many workers have exhausted both forms of benefit without finding employment.

This third form of relief—an even lower rate—is administered by local authorities from a special "crisis fund."

Huge crowds gather at the centres where they register.

Although there are spacious waiting-rooms at the German employment exchanges, the times of registration have to be spaced out, throughout the day, to prevent the existence of queues on the street.

Of 4,300,000 unemployed in Germany, there are 3,800,000 receiving some form of relief—the greatest number of unemployed in receipt of benefit in the world. Yet there are 500,000 without relief.

All working!

In Russia, the whole administration of unemployment benefit has been closed down. They used to pay benefit up to a maximum of half the worker's previous wage.

Now, with the whole of Russian labour mobilised for its Five-Year Plan —even convicts, we hear, have to work! — the Russian Government claims that there are no unemployed.

In Czecho-Slovakia, the trade unions are given the task of administering unemployment benefit.

It is a voluntary system of insurance through the unions, and the employer does not contribute; but as practically every worker belongs to some sort of union, the system seems to cover them all.

The State in Czecho-Slovakia contributes towards the trade-union unemployment funds and regulates their administration.

When the Czecho-Slovakian unemployed worker goes to the employment exchange, he goes only to register and to seek a job. He gets his relief from the separate offices of the trade-union fund.

Here, also, there is no flat rate of relief, but a man receives two-thirds of the wages he earned in his last job.

Unemployment has been growing, as in this country, but some workers also possess a few acres of land, with a cow and a pig or two, and some vegetables.

So they do not feel the pinch as much as those who live in more highly industrialised countries.

In some parts of Switzerland, the trade unions receive State grants-in-aid, but the cantons, or provinces, are allowed considerable freedom in organising their own systems of relief. For instance, insurance is compulsory in some and voluntary in others.

Cities and cantons organise their own unemployment funds, to which the Federal Government contributes in emergencies. Then there is the "joint fund," a system of voluntary insurance, as in France, to which employers and workers contribute.

After he has signed on at the exchange, the Swiss worker goes to the town-hall, or, in larger cities, to the *Caisse Publique* (Public Funds) Office, to draw his allowance.

In Sweden an unemployed worker, instead of receiving cash benefit, may be allocated to special government relief works—such as road-building or bridge-building—where he is lodged free of charge, and receives a wage, which is, however, less than that paid for this class of work in a private enterprise.

Only those are sent to these works who may reasonably be expected to perform their tasks properly. For instance, a tailor would not be set to road-making.

For those who are not engaged on these works, there is a State unemployment fund.

Sweden's neighbour, Norway, also has relief works, and also makes grants to trade-union funds.

Might be worse

There is compulsory insurance in Queensland, Australia; in the Irish Free State and in Italy.

Although details of administration and scales of relief may differ, more and more countries are adopting the compulsory system which Britain pioneered.

While we are waiting and hoping for the depression soon to pass, we may at least console ourselves with the reflection that we are, in Britain, by no means the worst off.

We have at least set an example to the rest of the world by our own wise, humane and practical methods of dealing with the scourge of unemployment.

ANOTHER QUICK PRESERVENE COMPETITION

Closes Midday Thursday, June 25th

Judging the same afternoon

Cheques will be posted to prize winners on Friday, June 26th

FREE

Results will be published Saturday, June 27th

NO ENTRANCE FEE WHATEVER

NOT EVEN A COUPON OR WRAPPER

£500

OFFERED IN PRIZES

THE FIRST THREE PRIZES WILL BE

1st £100 : 2nd £50 : 3rd £25

but these amounts will be doubled in each case where one of these prizewinners happens to have a whole bar of Preservene in the house, and is able to produce it immediately for inspection when our representative calls. If, therefore, the first prizewinner has a whole bar of Preservene in the house when our representative calls she will receive a cheque for £200 instead of £100. The second prizewinner in the same way would receive £100 instead of £50, and the third prizewinner would receive £50 instead of £25. This doubling only applies to the first three prizes. *There will be*

NUMEROUS OTHER PRIZES TO THE VALUE OF £150

And a CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR EVERY COMPETITOR who places the first 4 testimonials in the same order as the judges' selection.

This Competition is *not* open to men.

Closing mid-day on Thursday, June 25

PLEASE POST YOUR ENTRY TO-DAY

The names and addresses of cash prize winners will be published in the *Daily Mail* on Saturday, June 27th.

There will be no list of consolation prizewinners published owing to the large amount of space which these names and addresses would occupy. All consolation prizes will be posted by Friday, June 26th, so that each competitor who qualifies for one of these prizes should receive it by Monday or Tuesday at the latest.

✷ *ALL YOU HAVE TO DO*

is to read carefully through the ten Testimonials on the right and left-hand sides of this page. Against the word "FIRST" on the voting coupon put the number of the testimonial which you consider would be the most likely to persuade you to give the Perservene Method of Washing a trial. Note that each Testimonial is numbered.

Then put opposite the word "SECOND" the number of your second choice, and so on for the ten places shown on the voting coupon.

Now print your full name and address, clearly in block letters in the spaces provided on the voting coupon. Then cut out the voting coupon and post it in a gummed-down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp, addressed as follows:—

PERSERVENE COMPETITION, 154, CLAPHAM PARK ROAD, CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.4 (Comp.).

IMPORTANT.—Competitors must put the first 4 numbers of their selection in order on the top left-hand corner of the back of the envelope containing their entry. (See Rule 3.)

Rules and Conditions.

1. The forecast must be made on the voting coupon. The numbers must be given in writing as well as in figures for example: 6 (six).
2. The voting coupon must be enclosed in a gummed-down envelope *(on the back of which the first 4 numbers of the selection must be given in order)*, stamped 1½d., and posted so as to reach us not later than mid-day on Thursday, June 25th.
3. Only one entry will be accepted from each competitor. If the order of the first 4 numbers on the entry differs from the order of the 4 numbers on the envelope the entry will be disqualified.
4. Mutilated, altered or incomplete entries, or entries containing the same number more than once, are liable to be debarred.
5. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt by us.
6. The Manager's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into and no interviews granted.
7. In the event of a tie the prize-money will be divided.

This competition is not open to members of our staff.

IMPORTANT

You are invited to enclose with your entry for this competition one or more (not exceeding ten) envelopes, each addressed to your friends *(these envelopes need not be stamped)*. **Write your own name and address on the back of each envelope** so your friends may know who to thank for the introduction. We will post them particulars of our next competition. Should one of your friends win a prize you will be awarded a special prize of the same amount whether it be £2 or £100.

REMEMBER!

It is not necessary to buy a bar of Preservene to enter this competition, but the first three prizes will be DOUBLED in each case where the prizewinner is able to produce a whole bar of Preservene Soap for inspection by our representative when he calls.

If you don't get the results indicated by these testimonials, you can only blame bad galvanising of your boiler or your failure to soften the water properly or your failure to follow directions on wrapper.

No. 1. "IT IS A REAL BOON."
Mrs. S. Finney, 40, Somerville Street, Crewe, Ches.:—"Please accept my highest praise for your wonderful soap. It is a real boon to a working man's wife, as you can go on with the cooking of a meal, knowing you can rely on your washing being carried on as long as there is a fire under the boiler. Your Preservene Soap is also cheaper than other soaps, as one bar covers a good weekly wash for eight folks without any flakes or powders whatever. The proof of Preservene Soap is the first fair trial. I have proved it, as I used to do my washing with tub and dolly peg, but they stand undisturbed now, a gift to anyone who cares to cart them away, as long as I can buy a bar of Preservene Soap. Wishing your Preservene Soap every success."

No. 2. "IT'S MARVELLOUS AND SO CHEAP."
Mrs. C. Clough, 7, Talbot Street, Hazel Grove, Cheshire:—"I have used Preservene for the past five years. A friend of mine, on seeing me use it and the simple method of wash-day with Preservene, said: 'Oh! dear, you will ruin your linen.' Two years later she spent a holiday with me. Several times during her stay she passed remarks about my beautiful snow-white linen, and the babies' woollies whitih looked so fresh. On leaving I gave her a bar of Preservene. Smiling, she said: 'Well! I will give it a trial.' I am sorry I have not the letter she wrote me. Full of praise for Preservene, her letter to me had no news. 'If only every housewife would give it a fair trial no other soap would be needed on wash-days. Its marvellous and so cheap.'"

No. 3. "I KNOW ALL WHO TRY IT MUST CONTINUE TO USE IT."
Mrs. Folley, 2, Navy Street, Clapham, S.W.4:—"I wish to say a few words as to the help your soap has been to me, also to numerous friends that I have instructed in its use and value. To use Preservene is to preserve the clothes, health, nerves, time and money, as it saves the hard rubbing, which in time wears out the clothes, and tires you out; also a strain on your nerves. In the old way a hard day's washing made me nervy and cross, when my family came home, also it was expensive, with bleaching soda, soap, powders, etc. Now, with one bar of Preservene, I do a whole lot of household washing, silk underwear, woollies, etc. Scrub all boards and kitchen utensils, which are as white as snow, and finish by lunch time, not tired or nervy. I am able to rest in the afternoon and feel so satisfied that my washing is such a lovely colour; and out of the way in such a short time. One time before knowing the wonderful work your Preservene did I had to pay a woman 3s. a day to come and wash for me, not being strong enough to do it myself, so you must know how very grateful I have been for such magic soap. I know all who try it must continue to use it."

No. 4. "IT SAVES MONEY, TIME AND LABOUR."
Mrs. L. E. Willins, 5, St. James's Road, Hastings, Sussex:—"I feel it is my duty to endorse the good opinion and appreciation for your wonderful soap expressed in the various testimonials. I would also like to add how I find Preservene Soap such a great help and comfort to me, now I am getting on in years and cannot manage the strain and hard labour of a big wash as I did in my younger days. I have used it now for many years and by following the directions it is easy and simple to use and quite harmless to any kind of linen, also ideal for removing stains and dirt from very soiled garments. In fact, it saves money, time and labour, as well as one's health and temper. For the ordeal of spring cleaning a few bars of Preservene Soap with a little elbow grease will work miracles on carpets, curtains, paint, woodwork, lino, etc., and in these days of the craze for labour saving Preservene can honestly take its place at the top of the list."

No. 5. "IT SEEMED LIKE A NEW LIFE TO ME."
Mrs. Banning, 46, Northbourne Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne, Co. Durham:—"I tried Preservene as directed on wrapper and what a blessing I truly did find it. I have my husband, and myself and five children to wash for. In addition to my housework I have to go out as often as I can manage charcleaning. I find myself tired out after my own washing, which used to take me all day. I have many a time thought to myself: 'Oh, I do wish to goodness some firm could invent something to help we women who have to earn a little to help towards the upkeep of the home. If only they could invent something to lessen the hard work just by an hour it would be a great help.' I have found Preservene such a boon. To be able to do my own washing by dinner time, which used to take me until five and after, and the saving it will be to my coal bill, being done with my boiler by noon. I could not believe it myself, as it seemed like a new life to me to get the rest I have long needed from the long hours of toil of washing. I am sure to tell my friends who toil hours at the wash-tub to try washing the Preservene way. The clothes turn out so beautifully white, and such a sweet and fresh smell when dry, I cannot find words to explain myself enough."

No. 6. "PRESERVENE IS JUST LIKE MAGIC."
Mrs. H. Knight, Mobley, near Berkley, Glos.:—"I think Preservene is just like magic, for dirt disappears wherever it is used. I myself have used it for two years and would not be without it. I have a family of eight and find it a great boon for washing blankets and sheets, for it saves such a lot of backaching and standing out in the cold for the wash is done two hours earlier than any other soap or powders would do it. It also saves pounds of other soaps and since using Perservene I find it a great boon for the children's baths, and it keeps their hair wonderful, better than any shampoo."

No. 7. "I HAVE SAVED TWO YEARS' LAUNDRY BILLS."
Mrs. D. Davies, 5, Skelton Road, Stretford, Manchester, Lancs.:—"Far from being overawed by the thought of washing day, I have quite looked forward to it since using Preservene. It is a pleasure to see the clothes emerge from the boiler as white as the proverbial snow. Sheets, table linen and towels, as well as all kinds of wearing apparel, including woollens, all bear visible witness to the thoroughness of the action of Preservene. By using Preservene I have saved two years' laundry bills, had no wear and tear on my linen, and last, but not least, had the private satisfaction of knowing that the

Contd. in last column.

No. 7 contd.

washing was well and truly done. Lastly, but by no means of least importance, some months ago I was asked to try a special soap preparation for washing. Needless to say, I told the traveller that I was quite satisfied with Preservene, and he gave me a very eloquent tribute to the latter, which speaks for itself. He said that the women who used Preservene were the most difficult to persuade that any other product was any good at all. That, I think, coming from a rival, was very high comment indeed, and he was in deadly earnest."

No. 8. PRESERVENE KEEPS LINEN AS SNOW WHITE AS THE BLEACHING SUN OF INDIA.
Mrs. F. Mason, 38, Hatfield Road, Bedford Park, W.4:—"When I came home more than a year ago after spending seven years in India, where, of course, native labour is employed for all domestic work, I hated more than anything settling down to the dreadful ordeals of washing day. The first thing a friend made me promise to try was your soap. I did the very next washing day and I would not be without it for anything now. I prop a small bath over the gas ring, fill it with water, put in the shredded Preservene, bring it to the boil, put in my soiled white things and while we have breakfast the clothes boil. Afterwards I wash my woollens and coloured things in the remaining suds, and, lastly, use the water for cleaning purposes. When I first came home my friends remarked how spotlessly white my household linen was. Anyone having been East will understand this—the action of a tropical sun on clothes put out to dry is to keep them snowy white. I occasionally compare some of the things I am using now with some that I have not used since I came home, and they are as white as ever they were, and this is after a twelve months' use of your soap. Considering that for the best part of the winter, clothes over here have to be dried indoors without the bleaching aid of the sun, I think it says a lot for Preservene. I have cleaned my carpets with it this spring, chair covers, table covers, etc., and with absolute success."

No. 9. "WORDS FAIL TO EXPRESS MY ASTONISHMENT."
Mrs. S. Moralee, 15, Clyde Street, Chopwell, Co. Durham:—"After demobilisation my husband (a miner) was too ill to work and to help keep the home I commenced to bake. Unfortunately being unused to the work I contracted flour poisoning in my hands and suffered great pain. I had medical treatment from two doctors and tried scores of advertised remedies, but for four years found no cure. My sister induced me to try Preservene. I confess I was very sceptical as I had tried so many things and positively dreaded washday, as it always meant days of agony after. However, I used it next day, and words fail to express my astonishment, for not only did it work wonders with my dirtiest clothes, but it soothed my sore hands as nothing else had done, and for the first time for four years I slept after washday. My hands gradually mended, by regularly washing them in Preservene and warm water, and now after six years I have never needed any so-called remedy."

No. 10. "I CAN SAVE DOUBLE AS MUCH AND BUY FAR BETTER PRESENTS USING PRESERVENE SOAP."
Mrs. J. Major, Hankerton, nr. Swindon, Wilts.: "After reading so many of your testimonials I tried Preservene Soap myself. I feel it's only a duty to you to write in favour of Preservene, for I can truthfully say not one testimonial was untrue. I followed the directions on the wrapper, and I was amazed when I took the clothes from the copper and rinsed them and put them on the clothes line. I have told and shown my neighbours, who are going to use Preservene themselves. I used to save the coupons from other soaps, but no more coupons for me. I know now how dearly I paid for the presents I received. I can save double as much and buy far better presents using Preservene Soap. With Preservene I can finish and clear up before dinner, and the children can go to school and their food ready when they arrive home. I could write far more in praise of Preservene, in fact fill a newspaper page full. You can use this, it is the truth, hoping others will take my advice."

FILL IN AND CUT OUT *NOW*.

VOTING COUPON

First	Sixth .....
Second	Seventh .....
Third	Eighth .....
Fourth	Ninth .....
Fifth	Tenth .....

YOUR NAME .....
State whether Mrs. or Miss.

ADDRESS .....

.....
Please write clearly in block letters.

YOUR FRIEND'S* Name and Address .....

.....

.....

.....

*Please give full name and address of friend which appears on back of envelope.

J.B., 20/6/31.

Stick to one entry only / *This coupon need not be stamped but if you affix a 1½d. stamp here and your entry wins any one of the first three prizes you will receive an additional Cash Prize of £50.*

Please cut neatly along dotted lines.

THE JUDGING

The judging will be carried out by two advertising experts (whose names and addresses will be published with the prize list), in conjunction with Mr. A. E. Whitelaw, of Fleming and Whitelaw. Those competitors whose selection most nearly agrees with the Judges' selection in order of merit will be the prizewinners.

£1,000 Guarantee

that these letters are genuine, self written, and unsolicited, and that no money has been paid for them.

We have over 10,000 of such testimonials on our files which are open to inspection by any genuine enquirer at our offices in Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

PRESERVENE SOAP

Saves 1/- each wash

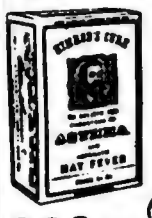
Saves 3 hours work

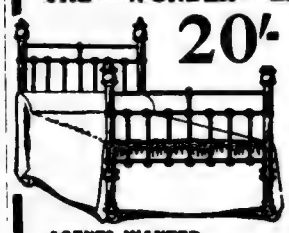
Preservene is stocked by practically every grocer and stores throughout Great Britain

Fleming & Whitelaw, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Aldwych

DEAN INGE
says that
LORD WAKEFIELD'S
successful book is 'full of good advice to parents how to avoid blind alleys in choosing openings for boys.' The title is
ON LEAVING SCHOOL
13th Edition
3/6 net of all booksellers
HODDER & STOUGHTON

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.
4/6 a tin at all chemists.
Himrod's
ASTHMA CURE

GREAT BRITISH PRODUCTION
THE "WONDER" BEDSTEAD
20/-

Carriage Paid to Nearest Station.
Full size, 4' 6" wide, sturdily built, Brass Rails and Knobs, Other parts Heavily Black Enamelled.
This Bedstead would cost you 40/- in any other Style. Our Price is 20/-. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.
AGENTS WANTED
TO FORM 1/- WEEKLY CLUBS.
Best Value to Members. Best Commission to Agents.
WRITE FOR 100-PAGE BARGAIN CATALOGUE.
PROGRESS STORES (Dept. J.B.), Derby St., Bolton.

DO YOU ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF GOOD HEALTH
Eminent doctors have recently emphasized, and the Press has endorsed, the value and necessity of the DAILY GARGLE as an aid to health. Most diseases are contracted through the mouth, and if complete health is to be enjoyed, it is as necessary to keep the mouth clean and free from germs as it is to wash the hands and face.
SANITAS FLUID CONTAINS PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN and THYMOL, and is the ideal mouth wash and gargle. It kills germs instantly, and has a pleasant flavour.
GARGLE DAILY
WITH
SANITAS FLUID
(ONE PART SANITAS TO FOUR PARTS WATER)
CHILDREN should be taught to gargle with Sanitas Fluid every morning and evening as a preventive of Pyorrhœa, Colds, Influenza, Measles and many other complaints.
SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.
COUPON.
To The Sanitas Co., Ltd., Limehouse, E.14.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
J.B.3. .....

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

A Blind Man, A Blackmailer, AND A WIFE WHO BUYS SILENCE

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. "HUMANIST" will deal with your problem through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

MUST three words, spoken on the spur of the moment, ruin six lives? In 1914 I was just a girl fresh from college. All my home life was spent in military circles, my father being a highly-placed officer and my brother a lieutenant.

There was a good deal of flirtation, which I joined in, like the rest. But there was one young lieutenant whom it was tacitly understood that I would marry one day, and our parents desired it.

When my boy friend was suddenly drafted for abroad, it was as a matter of course that I accepted his ring and became engaged.

Letters were infrequent and strictly censored. Later, for a reason I never for one moment guessed, they ceased. I was piqued, and threw myself harder than ever into training for my own war work.

Then, when the time came and I too went out, I met, as I thought, my fate. The man was a young Australian, fair-haired and blue-eyed, recovering from sickness in the ward where I was a nurse.

He was a pal of my brother, who, stationed near by, was a constant visitor.

The Australian made no secret of his feelings, and I believed myself, for the first time, passionately in love.

We agreed that the boy to whom I was engaged must have found another love, and that his silence, since he was not reported on the casualty list, honourably released me from the affair.

One afternoon, standing together near the railway halt where convalescents entrained for home, we saw a sight that is for ever branded into my heart and memory.

A group of officers were walking slowly hand-in-hand. All were blind, except the leader, and the second one was my boy, my sweetheart.

IN a flash I knew the truth. He would not have me told. He would not hold me to my promise.

That evening I told the Australian my decision. He asked me, "Will you marry him, loving me?"

"For pity's sake," I answered, and could have bitten out my tongue the next instant, for I knew it was a lie. The sight of my fiancé in his helplessness had restored my sanity. I was crazy to get home to his side.

The Australian returned to his country. I have never seen him since.

I married my own dear love, though it took time and patience to make him believe that it was for my own happiness, no less than his, that I wished it.

One of those sudden reversals of fortune, so common during the war, made him a comparatively rich man. We should, except for my husband's blindness, which I mitigate in every possible way, be happy as the days are long.

But I live in nightmare terror of my brother. He is wild and makes increasingly heavy demands upon me for money to free him from debt.

If I try to resist, he looks at me meaningly and says, "Perhaps my good brother-in-law will help me out in gratitude for you marrying him *for pity's sake.*" He had overheard my conversation with the Australian!

Now you see my burden of misery. I did say that silly thing; I cannot deny it. I dare not let it get to my husband's ears, for there is nothing that would deal a more deadly blow to his sensitive spirit.

Yet what can I, what dare I, do except continue to purchase silence?

"HUMANIST" says: Remember that a blackmailer is always a coward. Resist your brother's demands. If he is such a despicable cad as to tell your husband of the Australian episode, is it likely that his tittle-tattle would have any weight against your years of devotion? I think not.

Have courage to tell your husband yourself. Explain that you acted in pique at his silence and used the word "pity" to let down lightly the Australian.

In view of your happy marriage and parenthood, I'll warrant you will be able to laugh over it together, and so rid yourself of the blackmailing menace.

MANY BABIES: *much care*

TWO years ago I left a highly paid secretarial post in order to marry. My fiancé was a Belgian, and through that all my difficulties have arisen.

My husband, from the first, quite evidently held the theory that it was the woman's duty to work for the man. He turned out a gambler, with the real gambler's distaste for work.

When money vanished and it became absolutely necessary to buy food, he sold our furniture and our clothing.

When we were completely destitute, he began to beg from my widowed mother in my name, and, before I grew aware of what was going on, had nearly beggared her.

When there was nothing more to be gained from my family, he turned brutal, using physical violence on more than one occasion.

This led to my nearly losing my life when my baby was born. Now she is eight months old, and I realise that unless I earn my own living I shall sink into unspeakable poverty.

My husband's return to his native land has left me so far free, but with a small baby of my own to care for. What can I do?

I adore children, and I notice all round me are numbers of overburdened mothers tied hand and foot with their families.

My mother offers me a large room, and I would like to open a crèche to take care of babies whose mothers are out at work. Will it be necessary for me to obtain a licence in order to do this?

"HUMANIST" says: You must certainly acquaint the local authorities of your intention. It is necessary for enquiries to be made to ascertain whether the premises and conditions satisfy the requirements of the Ministry of Health.

There are stringent regulations surrounding the care of infants belonging to other people, and you must make sure that you are not contravening any of these.

T.T. HUSBAND *and d.t. wife*

QUITE recently my wife left home. We have four children, whose ages range from five to sixteen. She got into debt, and applied to me for assistance, which I felt justified in refusing.

The whole trouble is that while I am a strict teetotaler, careful to spend every penny usefully, she is pleasure-loving and sadly addicted to drink.

When I found she was wasting money and time in haunting public-houses, I remonstrated with her.

I refused to hand over the housekeeping money to be frittered away, and took upon myself the responsibility of laying it out. Upon this my wife packed up and left home.

I then discovered that she had got me into debt with various tradespeople to the extent of nearly £100. I have been paying this off bit by bit.

The latest information I have is that unless I pay her full maintenance she will come back and start the same trouble all over again. Have I any redress?

"HUMANIST" says: Since the happiest solution would be your wife's reformation, see what can be done by getting her into touch with the social workers whose address I am forwarding.

If this fails, appeal to a magistrate. The court may then either grant you a separation-order or send your wife to a licensed retreat for inebriates.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

YOUR MITE *for these Mites?*

THESE children's dad little thought when he entered a hairdresser's shop over seventeen years ago that he was stepping into a tragedy that was to dog his steps for the rest of his life.

He had the misfortune to be cut by the barber, and this started sycosis, or "barber's rash."

"Although," he states, "I have had treatment under the best hospitals and skin specialists, the disease gradually spread over my face."

When war broke out, he tried to enlist; "but," he says, "they would not have me in the Army at any price."

His job as a carter ceased when the Armistice was signed, and the old hands came back.

As he is no longer eligible for unemployment benefit and receives no parish relief, he has been endeavouring to support his wife and children by playing an accordion in the streets.

His eldest daughter, however, is the breadwinner, and all she brings in is 15s. a week. Holiday time means no pay, and then the rent falls behind.

Dad's takings as a street player have dropped considerably since the police stopped street musicians standing in one place.

"I have gradually taken less and less," he writes, "until these last few months we have often been without food in the house. Yesterday, I took 9d., and to-day I have managed to bring in 1s. 2d."

"If I could only get a job," is his cry. "I should be in clover. As it is, life is hopeless, and there is nothing to look forward to for the kiddies."

In the hope of cheering up this afflicted man and his family, we now pass round his hat, and hope that our readers will not pass it by.

All donations, whether sent for this case or not, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post. Lists can be seen at the office, and a copy of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on application.

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST

by C. WICKSTEED ARMSTRONG

A book to be read, at the present moment, by every thinking man and woman. A smashing challenge to so-called "Social Reform."

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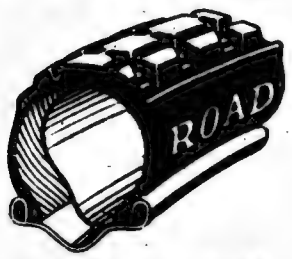

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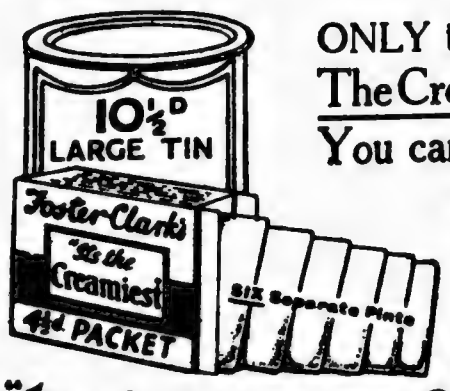

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FROM £3 15s CASH OR TERMS

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Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened.

"It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 S.P.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

Our Letter Parliament

Flag-Days —My VIEWS

DURING many a terrible storm I have watched brave men go out as volunteers to rescue shipwrecked crews who would surely drown but for the lifeboat service.

Being a poor, working woman, I cannot send a princely donation to this deserving institution, but I can afford a few pence for a flag.

The same applies to the blind, hospitals, disabled men, etc.

Though poor, I enjoy good health, and as a thankoffering for this great gift I allot sixpence a week out of my small earnings for flag-days.

Believe me, I never miss it.—*Cornish Woman, Bodmin.*

Protection

The Briton is known and admired the world over for his modesty. His generous response to all appeals for deserving charities is never failing, but he generally prefers to remain anonymous.

For that reason he has an intense dislike of flag-days because of the public exhibition they make of the act of giving.

He detests parading the streets with the proof of his generosity emblazoned on his breast for the world to see.

He is compelled to do this, however; otherwise he will be pestered to contribute at every street-corner.—*John H. Kinsman, Burnley.*

Penny Levy

How much longer must we submit to this refined form of blackmail, and how much longer must the hospitals be forced to augment their income in this humiliating way?

Are not such institutions a necessity to the State and the people as a whole? Then let a contribution of a penny a week be levied from each worker, and the proceeds distributed in a sensible manner.

The amount would be ample, the burden borne equally between those who benefit, and the community freed from a constantly-recurring nuisance.—*C. D., Stoke-on-Trent.*

Bang Goes —

A pretty face, a flashing smile, dainty fingers fumbling at the lapel of my coat, and bang goes another copper or two!

I walk on, with the air of a man who has saved his soul by his charity, but with an inward feeling of elation due entirely to the attentions of the fair charmer.

A woman finds it easy to say "No, thanks," to a pretty face, which leaves her cold; not so a man. He hesitates, looks at the seller, and pays up.

Misgivings? Well, it was only a copper or two—and she *was* pretty!—*J. E. B., Denton.*

Little Beggars

Flag-days should be prohibited by law. It is a privilege much abused, amounting to mild blackmail. Most of us give without knowing the charity benefiting, because we do not wish to be considered mean.

Flag-selling, too, is often a child's first lesson in cadging. Children are often sent, by school-teachers or parents, from door to door with flags the night previous, among the poor especially.

A child naturally thinks, seeing how readily the money comes, that he would be just as successful begging for his own benefit.—*H. V. Dunn, Birmingham.*

Principles Scorned

Speaking generally, I like flag-days. But what I dislike very much is being practically compelled to contribute to a cause for which I may have little or no sympathy.

If I go against my principles and buy a flag, all appears to be well.

But if I stick to my guns and don't buy, I am pestered by every flag-seller I encounter, and am looked upon with scorn by everyone who has bought a flag.—*E. L. H., Ipswich.*

Warped

Flag-days suggest that we consider human life to be secondary to the defence and preservation of wealth, in the form of property.

Our institutions for protecting property—the Army, Navy, police, coastguards, fire brigades, etc.—are maintained from public funds.

The organisations for relieving suffering humanity we leave to this blackmailing form of charity.

Where is the logic of justice in providing lighthouses to keep a ship off the rocks and leaving the lifeboat service continually "on the rocks" of financial insecurity?—*Thomas Kay, Lancs.*

"A pretty face, a flashing smile . . . and bang goes —"

Done His Bit

Flag-days are the poor man's chance to help deserving charities. Not for him the satisfaction of giving a cheque, but even so, he has the joy that comes to those who have "done their bit," however small.

His flag, not a smug emblem signifying that he has contributed, is a reminder to other flag-sellers that he has helped the cause, and is not to be approached again.

Let flag-days carry on, for the multitude will support them, scorning those niggardly people who won't part with a penny.—*P. R. Foster, Derby.*

Snobbery

One flag-day often overlaps another, and many, like myself, whose occupation takes them into different districts, often subscribe more than once to the same charity.

Again, snobbery is a disgusting feature of flag-days, as emblems are usually made in two or more sizes, and the "widow's mite" is too often recognised with the most inconspicuous of emblems, while those who contribute more are decorated with a miniature bouquet.

In this connection I would particularly like to see Armistice Day poppies standardised.—*E. K., Liverpool.*

No Gambling

While admitting that flag-days should be drastically curtailed in number and better protected against abuses, I think they are useful in many ways.

The gambling spirit does not enter into this form of raising funds for charity, as it does in lotteries, and there is no compulsion.

The vast majority of the flag-sellers are honest, tactful and healthy British girls, with their whole heart in the job.

They work hard, and the only reward they seek is just the feeling of having done some good work in a worthy cause.—*B. P., Glos.*

* * * *

If flag-days were abolished, the majority of those who now buy a flag would not contribute in any other way.—*A. Goodhill, Bridlington.*

It is nothing less than a crime that our great hospitals should be forced to cadge pennies in this humiliating manner.—*S. Ogden, Pendleton.*

Flag-days are just little reminders that we forget to enter in our daily note-books when we are in the "pink" and others are in the "blues."—*E. B., Sussex.*

It is an undignified sight to see a bevy of pretty girls chasing willing and unwilling buyers.—*St. J., Gorleston.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

THRILLS—and LUCK

THE season is getting on, though it seems as if it were only yesterday we were discussing what would win the Lincolnshire Handicap. When these notes appear Ascot will be partly behind us, and, maybe, a bad reckoning ahead for backers, if the Royal meeting has lived up to its reputation

However, with punters, as with optimists in other circles, there is always to-morrow, and, in this respect, it can be said that by the end of June one should have a pretty good line on most of the horses that have run since the beginning of the Flat.

If horses ran true to home form, suffered no interference in running, etc., and everything went right, racing would lose a lot of its thrills.

Yet there is the kind of bad luck that is most exasperating, where thrills are more than outweighed by the annoyance suffered. Take Boyd-Rochfort's recent luck, as an instance.

Jacopo, his Derby candidate, had a set-back in the course of his preparation for the big race, which put paid to his chances at Epsom; and Praetor, another of his charges, lost the £1,500 Royal Plate at Newbury by sheer unfortunate circumstances.

Praetor, ridden by Dines, failed to get a clear run, and, when he extricated himself, made up so much ground that Childs, on Hill Cat, won only by a head.

Remember Praetor for future engagements, though I doubt if he will start at "tens" again.

For Saturday, at Windsor, I like Young Master and Golden Earl.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 18, to Wednesday, June 24.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

DWJXBS96 would read BLUE DON.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

DJC95X2 would read BURGEE.

"SILVER RING."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 23.

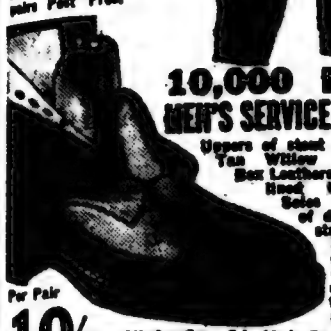
What America Means to Me

July 4 is Independence Day

50,000 Riding Breeches

American Army Surplus Stock made to specification of U.S. Government.

Sturdy Fawn Twill, self strappings, lined Linen. Size 34 in., 36 in., and 38 in. waist only. Very strongly made. Per pair ... 4/- Postage 6d. Three pairs Post Free.



10,000 Pairs MEN'S SERVICE BOOTS

Uppers of stout yet supple Tan Willow or Black Box Leathers. Leather lined throughout. Soles and heels of double substance solid leather, stitched and screwed for extra strength.

Per Pair 10/- All sizes from 6 to 12, in Black or Tan. Postage 9d., or two pairs Post Free.

GAMAGES, HOLBORN, E.C.1.
Also 107 *Cheapside, E.C.2.*

ASTONISHING FREE OFFER!

Of 1 Lady's or Gent's Raincoat, to any person forming "Ranor" 1/- weekly Clubs. This is in addition to usual Commission. Write for Catalogue and full particulars.

Form a CLUB To-day

Dept. J.B.,
RANOR STORES Ltd.
2 Park Place, Cheetham,
MANCHESTER.

Says everybody

"The Good Thing" is

BIRD'S CUSTARD

BIRD'S is best — and best with fruit.

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PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE

READY RUBBED

Also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER MIXTURE
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BLUE SERGE SUIT FOR 2/6 DOWN

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Write for illustrated free catalogue or call and select goods at our showrooms. Open 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Thursdays 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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PRICE 55/- 1, 3 & 5, BATH STREET, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in **Shadforth "Bladder Comfort" No. 285.** It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Prices 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

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SENT ON TRIAL.

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.

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(468U) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
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Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

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ADDRESS.....

(Please write plainly).....

JOHN BULL'S HUGE X-WORD FIRST!

AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

£1,000

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

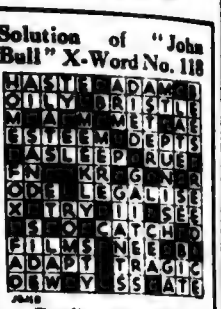
Easy to Enter

THE wonderful prize of **£1,000** is offered in "John Bull's" great fair and square Crossword. This four-figure fortune MUST BE WON, and in addition there is £100 for runners-up. Here is a wonderful opportunity of winning a wonderful prize. ENTER NOW, and make a big effort to WIN.

"JOHN BULL," will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale on Thursday, July 2, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 9th.

Winners in X-Word No. 117 appear on page 25.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 118



Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 118 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for 1 double Entry Form is SIXPENCE—for 2 double Entry Forms send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, June 25th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 9th. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 21st, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £100 CASH. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With one coupon send Postal Order for SIXPENCE. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 120

JB·120 DO NOT CUT HERE

JB·120

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 1 Coupon 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 25th

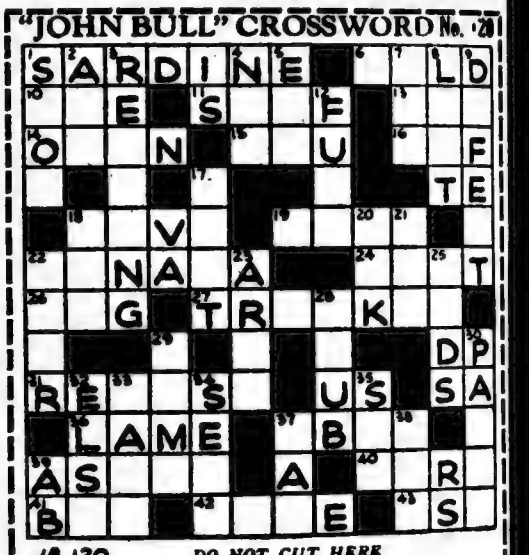
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Is packed in a tin.
6. Pen is sometimes this.
10. Hasten.
11. One's own person.
13. Expire.
14. A portent.
15. Australian bird.
16. Little fairy.
18. Number of toes on a foot.
19. Summer often makes us shed this.
22. Fruit with slippery skin.
24. What clogs a chimney.
26. Bird comes out of.
27. Criminals are often this.
31. Negligent.
36. Unable to walk properly.
37. Do as you are told.
39. Star-like flower.
40. Things aren't what they—
41. Insect providing honey.
42. Word cried as warning.
43. Donkey.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Horse sometimes must be this.
2. Do this before you shoot.
3. Operation performed on ship.
4. Indicates maiden name.
5. Common tree.
7. Poem.
8. Cheerful rhythm in tune.
9. Sometimes finishes racer's career.
12. Some substances do when heated.
17. America's aid was this during War.
18. Slang for cigarette.
20. Enquire.
21. Fish spawn.
22. Don't let it get a grip on you.
23. These add to country's prestige.
25. What bookmaker shouts.
28. Provides sport for angler.
29. This is money.
30. You can look through these.
32. Otherwise.
33. Companion.
34. A slave.
35. Stitch.
37. For rowing a boat.
38. Yes (old-fashioned).

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 121



JB·120 DO NOT CUT HERE

JB·120

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 25th

If entering two coupons, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 120), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

F. M. (Dover).—"My front garden is now a mass of colours." Have you been trying to paint your house?

S. L. (Goole).—"How much sleep does a man need?" Just another ten minutes.

F. S. (Dorking).—"There is a place for everything." Except for our choice for the 2.30.

H. N. (Buxton).—"Do strawberries need thinning out?" Schoolboys seem to think so.

NOVICE (Cambridge).—"New drivers always go carefully." Especially when they have paid cash for the car.

P. R. (Headingley).—"I shouldn't be where I am now if I hadn't got married." Where are you—at your club?

D. S. (Swindon).—"Modern novels are very soon forgotten." Especially by those who borrow them.

A. J. (London, N.).—"He makes a lot of money by shingling ladies' hair." Short cuts to wealth.

T. A. (Tottenham).—"Do you know of any Scottish superstition?" It is considered unlucky to be thirteenth with a match.

F. J. (Marlow).—"My car really only holds my wife and myself, but I often squeeze another in it." When your wife is with you?

L. T. (Hinckley).—"The landlady told me she had special terms for commercial travellers." Did she use them in your presence?

J. T. C. (Leicester).—"I like to take the car for a spin and just forget everything." Including the spare tin of petrol?

F. K. (Totnes).—"When does a baby first show signs of intelligence?" When it pretends to go to sleep when father sings a lullaby.

P. D. (Bolton).—"To teach my wife a lesson, I polished the piano until I could see my face in it." Who got the bigger shock?

G. R. (Hull).—"I know several dogs which cannot stand the sound of bagpipes." That only proves that some dogs are almost human.

J. R. L. (Norbury).—"A new earthquake detector goes off like an alarm clock." Some people need an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake.

D. B. (Dalston).—"I much prefer listening to the human voice to any mechanised music." Naturally the singer must stop some time.

TONIC (Birmingham).—"My doctor orders me to take a nip of whisky every day." Then don't get six months ahead of your schedule.

K. C. J. (Gloucester).—"I heard a piano recital last week given by a man with only one hand." We've heard a song recital given by a person with no voice at all.

JACK TAR (Portsmouth).—"I intend marrying a girl called Sarah, but before I do so there's one thing I'd like to get off my chest." A tattooed heart with another girl's name on it, we suppose.

MARRIED (Streatham).—"Why does a woman always want her husband to guess how much her new hat cost?" And why is she always annoyed if he guesses right?

S. K. (Kew).—"A suitable punishment for a naughty small boy is to send him to bed." A remission of sentence is sometimes necessary if the wireless set breaks down.

P. S. (Anerley).—"I saw a man in the street who went through all the motions of playing the violin, but did not produce a sound." We wish a few more violinists would follow his example.

C. T. (Harwich).—"I've refused a job on the wireless." Thanks, we can still listen-in with comfort.

S. T. (St. Albans).—"Children add to the interest of life." And reduce the principal

F. Y. (Hull).—"Why not jazz in jails?" Why not, indeed? We are in favour of emptying these institutions.

L. N. (Kew).—"What causes rain?" Picnics.

P. M. (Salton).—"I have published a volume of verse anonymously." It's safer that way.

V. J. (Putney).—"A man should labour for his convictions." Some do—hard.

B. K. (Belmin).—"I am going to have my portrait painted from the photograph I enclose." Why?

D. P. (Leicester).—"How much money should a sensible man have before he marries?" More.

G. K. (London, E.C.).—"I recently bought a car for cash down." Did the salesman faint?

V. L. (Brighton).—"To whom can a man go with a new invention?" Most men try them on their wives.

PRUE (London, S.).—"I am an understudy and very friendly with the star." Willing to take her part, we suppose.

F. J. (Arnside).—"I've left a lasting impression on many girls." Are you a public vaccinator?

M. G. (Deal).—"He was up in arms at once." Did you or your wife walk round the bedroom with him?

A. J. (Dorking).—"I am a very good weather forecaster." Have you a set of reliable rheumatic twinges?

B. S. (Thundersley).—"He was a walking advertisement for his employer." Carrying bills on boards.

A. P. (Highgate).—"My new play has a happy ending." You mean that everybody is glad when it is over!

MRS. K. (Kingston).—"My husband paces up and down the garden for hours." Fasten the roller to him.

F. K. (London, S.).—"The cashier disappeared with £2,000." Running expenses, we suppose.

C. K. (S.W.4).—"I went tiger-hunting some years ago and had splendid luck." Didn't you meet one?

L. N. (New York).—"American films are the most intellectual in the world." Sez you!

T. P. (Ely).—"I hope there are not too many mistakes in this letter." No, but too many words.

G. K. (Yeovil).—"She has broken crockery cemented to the outside walls of her house." Lots of people have maids like that.

F. K. (Dudley).—"If a person is not at home on two successive visits, it is bad form to call again." We must tell our rate-collector about this.

T. C. (Kensington).—"The dry air in some of the old theatres causes people to have fits of coughing." And so do many of the dry plays.

CHORUS GIRL (Brighton).—"What do you think I replied when the producer asked me whether I was twenty-nine or thirty?" Nineteen!

C. H. (Richmond).—"A man on our local golf course laughed for half an hour without stopping." We've often seen a suit of plus-fours like that.

E. H. (Hatfield).—"As a season-ticket holder, I demand later trains." We know one line on which they couldn't be much later than they are.

ELSIE (London, S.).—"I could get the heroine's part if I were fair instead of dark." We suppose you are dyeing to go on the stage.

G. W. (Streatham).—"I tossed up whether to go to my office or to the Derby." How many times did you have to do it before it came right?

J. F. (Gunnersbury).—"What the doctor recommended was a good holiday and a chance to forget my money troubles." We prescribe half an hour with page 35.

B. D. (Hampstead).—"The man ought to have a voice in the furnishing of a home." He does; he always gets the invoice.

DOCTOR (Liverpool).—"Raw beef is the finest thing for bruises." Some restaurants must imagine that their customers continually suffer from bruises.

WIRELESS LECTURER (London, N.).—"I am always extremely nervous just before my broadcast is due to begin." But why? The most your audience can do is to switch over to another station.

E. B. L. (Poplar).—"I read that until recent years few women took up law." There are few who have not laid it down.

D. S. (Kensington).—"My wife always laughs at my jokes." You can, therefore, be sure that either you know some good jokes or else you have a good wife.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelope "Slips."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"The drinking TOUGH is also to be removed."

"STAR OF THE HILLS" (Novel):—"The HORSEMEN had taken the bits in their teeth and bolted."

DETECTIVE STORIES ("The Doorstep Murders"):—"His EYES ROLLED BACK IN A SNARL from his white teeth."

BARNSLEY CHRONICLE:—"Mr. Griffiths Brewer is the oldest aeronaut DYING in the country."

WIGAN OBSERVER:—"Several farmers had complained about their premises in the locality being infested by RATES."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Entertainers.—Hilda B——, SOUP at the piano."

GIRLS' CINEMA:—"He thrust a large silver disc into her HEAD."

SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—"He refused an offer of £30,000 when the horse was retired to the STUDY."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"A waitress was taken to the Royal Infirmary severely SCOLDED."

MENU CARD OF —— RESTAURANT, LIVERPOOL:—"Eggs and Omelettes—POACHED EGG and SPINACH, 1s.: Entrees—SPINACH and POACHED EGG, 10d."

GLASGOW WEEKLY NEWS:—"The general opinion is that the investigations should be pushed on and that the MURDERED should be hunted down."

SPARE YOUR DOG the miseries of OVER-HEAT

YOU cannot prevent your dog overheating on hot days. Nature has given him no protection against heat, as his skin is non-porous and prevents him perspiring.

Before he became domesticated the dog avoided heat by roaming and by keeping to leafy woods, but you *can* prevent your dog suffering from overheat by keeping his blood pure, in which case the overheat will not distress him.

Experienced Breeders keep their dogs happy and in fine condition all through summer by giving them Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders which cleanse the blood of every impurity and refresh the whole system, curing and preventing all blood ailments, such as Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat, and Swellings between the Toes.

The 6d. packets contain nine powders the shilling boxes 18 - from all dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

Since 1892 the world's dog remedy.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

Thats why— your child's Bread needs

'Golden Shred'

ROBERTSON—only maker

"JOHN BULL"

Cheques for FLOOD *and* STORM *Victims*

FOLLOWING the recent and unprecedented floods, JOHN BULL is now busy dispatching cheques to registered readers whose belongings were so severely damaged. As fast as reports from representatives are received, cheques are forwarded. Prompt payments mean so much in times of stress and privation.

Not only against Storm and Flood, but also against Fire, Accident and Sickness, JOHN BULL covers you free.

STORM and FLOOD—Up to £300.

We give below the names of a few who have now received cheques for flood and storm damage.

NEWPORT.

Mrs. J. Wreford, 4, Capel St.; Mrs. A. Legge, 3, Kimberley Terr.; Mrs. J. Gregory, 22, Kimberley Terr.; Mr. F. Richards, 45, Goodrich Crescent; Mr. R. James, 43, Goodrich Crescent; Mr. G. P. Parry, 57, Goodrich Crescent; Mrs. C. Tucker, 16, Goodrich Crescent; Mr. C. Bevan, 99, Goodrich Crescent; Mr. J. D. Caldicott, 101, Goodrich Crescent; Mrs. M. B. Snell, 131, Goodrich Crescent; Mr. G. Webb, 111, Goodrich Crescent; Mrs. J. Powell, 75, Goodrich Crescent; Mrs. G. Hatcher, 4, Goodrich Crescent; Mrs. A. Jenkins, 63, Ross St.; Mr. G. Vincent, 21, Ross St.; Mrs. D. Blakes, 107, Malpas Rd.; Mr. A. W. Clark, 58, Malpas Rd.; Mrs. A. Davies, 40, Malpas Rd.; Mrs. A. George, 12, Walford St.; Mrs. M. Morgan, 50, Walford St.; Mr. A. E. Pearce, 56, Walford St.; Mr. F. Charles, 70, Walford St.; Mr. A. Evans, 28, Hill St.

CARDIFF.

Mrs. L. McNally, 61, Adam St., Adamsdown; Mr. J. Jones, 17, Augusta St.; Mrs. J. H. Thomas, 8, Walker Rd., Splott; Mr. A. E. Cleves, 63, Waterloo Gardens; Mrs. E. McAuley, 47, Scott St.; Mrs. E. Wilkins, 24, Lewis Rd., Llandough; Mrs. L. Greenman, 28, Alexander St., Cathays; Mrs. G. R. Naylor, 145, Cairn St., Cathays.

DINAS POWIS.

Mr. A. H. Cottrell, Firenze, Greenfield Avenue; Mr. S. Sutton, Brierley, Cardiff Rd.; Mrs. E. Baker, Wayside Cottage, East Brook.

CADOXTON.

Mrs. D. Young, 11, Riverside Place; Mrs. M. E. Evans, 6, Riverside Place; Mr. A. Bater, 5, Morlais St.

PONTHIR.

Mr. F. Evans, New House; Mrs. C. Wookey, Arthur Cottage

GRIFFITHSTOWN.

Mrs. M. Watkins, 53, Staffordshire Rd.

The ONLY paper to pay Flood and Storm Benefits.

CUT HERE.

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 20/6/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....
Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 20/6/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash these Coupons

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

VALUE 3D

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

All Aboard the Magic Carpet!

Free Holidays for Life and £3,000 for a "Bullets" Coupon.

AUGUST is drawing near—but when you feel in your pocket those dreams of an ideal holiday this year are apt to go slipping away.

This is the moment which JOHN BULL has chosen to offer a magic carpet that will last you a lifetime.

Upon it, every summer as long as you live, you and your family can be whisked away wherever you choose for a £50 holiday. And when you come back from a week or two of glorious living, what then?

JOHN BULL has thought of that, too. When you return from the first of your yearly £50 holidays at his expense, you will be returning also to a bank account of £3,000—the other part of our Record Holiday Prize.

One moment, though—even that is not all which can be yours as the result of this week's sensational offer.

If the winner of Free Holidays for Life and £3,000 is on our books by July 4 for a free weekly supply of our *Bullets Bulletin* we shall be pleased to present to him an extra bonus of astonishing size—a fully equipped four-seater Singer Sunshine Saloon Car, value £210.

By Saturday, July 4, then, you have two important steps to take which may transform the future for you and for your family.

Spare two minutes to complete the *Bullets Bulletin* coupon on this page, thus adding a motor-car to the prize you are competing for. Then, after studying the winners below, get busy on the "Bullets" which may shoot you to the top of the prize-list

A bright idea, a coupon entered and Friday, July 17, may bring you the First Prize telegram!

£962 10s. AWARDED—BULLETS No. 806

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mr. Thomas Eaves, 209, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
Example:—AT THE VILLAGE PUB
Bullet:—GOVERNMENT'S "MOPED UP," TOO.

SECOND PRIZE OF £150:

Mr. S. T. Johnsen, Paull, Hull.
Example:—Like A Battle-field
Bullet:—Headquarters — General Mislaid Eyeglass!

THIRD PRIZE OF £130:

Mr. J. M. Atkinson, "Wixford," Hathaway Hamlet, Shottery.
Example:—Tax On The Land
Bullet:—That's Fair—"Fat's" There.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £120:

Mr. W. Davis, Jnr., 14, William Street, Edinburgh.
Example:—Castle In Spain
Bullet:—Visible From "First Rise."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. H. Harris, 78, West End, Witney, Oxon.
Example:—Almost Bursting
Bullet:—Tommy's Rabbits—First Week!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. E. CHESTER, 82, Grey Street, North Shields.
Gone—Lodger—Wife—Car—Worry!

Mrs. A. DUNN, 42, Knowsley Road, Southport.
Man Nobody Wants—*Drivelling* To Public Danger.

A. EVANS, 37, Palliser Road, West Kensington, W.
Our Alfie—Grabbed—Smashed—Grabbed—Thrashed!

C. E. HINTON, 62, St. Dunstans Avenue, Acton, W.
Father's Pocket—"Bunch" Wore Holes In.

J. INGLIS, 198, Kirk Road, Wishaw, N.B.
All Over Again—"Tipperary"—Unless "Tune's" Changed.

H. MILLAR, 64, Newbold Road, Rugby.
Man Nobody Wants—Just "Reverse" Of "'14."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. PHILLIPS, 292, Fosse Road South, Leicester.
Castle In Spain—Keeps "Fortifying" Ireland's Hospitals.

F. E. POTKINS, 56, Hitchin Road, Arlesey, Beds.
Deaf To The World—Too Busy "Saving" It.

W. G. SMITH, Nr. White Horse Corner, Carlton Colville, Lowestoft.
Our Alfie—Deserves Opportunities Algy Gets.

Mrs. W. STOCKDALE, 85, Rectory Road, Burnley.
Father's Pocket—Instinctively Buttoned, Traversing Whitehall.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. BACON, 78, Wilmslow Road, Cheadle.
They Had A Car, But—Brakes Failed—Heir Succeeded.

J. DALZELL, 751, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Flirting With Death—And Ringmaster, Trapese Artiste.

W. H. DORMER, 85, Beacon Street, Lichfield.
Something In The Wind Blew Into Gossip's *Ear*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. D. MASSON, 10, High Street, Halesowen.
Father's Pocket—A Little *Heir* Deflated.

E. MILES, 114, Maple Road, Surbiton.
A Long Time Ago—Pupils "Hammered"—Now, "Humoured."

Mrs. A. NICHOLLS, Roseworthy Mill, Camborne.
Flirting With Death—Airman Parachute's The "Chaperon."

F. RHODES, 67, Dale Road, Rawmarsh.
Deaf To The World—Russia—Amidst Factories' Clangour.

M. RICE, Church Street, Tollesbury, Essex.
Our Alfie—Dissects Flies—Assembles Wireless.

C. W. STAINROD, 346, Sheffield Road, Sheffield.
Father's Pocket—*Unsealed* With A Kiss.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

L. WALTERS, The Square, Penpedairheol, Pengam, Cardiff.
They Had A Car, But—Couldn't Stand The Inquests!

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for 1,000 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 805 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. Marlston, 34, Eccles New Road, Salford.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

DON'T MISS YOUR CAR—USE THIS COUPON!

Scores of winners owe their success to "Bullets" Bulletin—your reservation by July 4 may mean a Motor-car for you!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") for postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin commencing with the next available issue.

Signed.....

Address.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 15, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

BIGGEST HOLIDAY PRIZE EVER OFFERED

Sensational Bullets' First for a few Words!

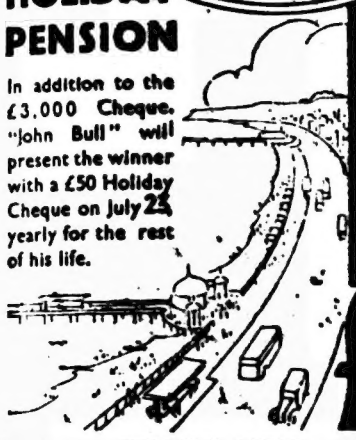
£50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE PAID YEARLY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

and

£3,000 CASH

JOHN BULL HOLIDAY PENSION

In addition to the £3,000 Cheque, "John Bull" will present the winner with a £50 Holiday Cheque on July 25 yearly for the rest of his life.



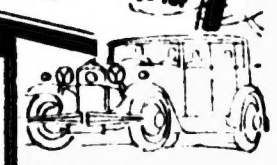
EXTRA BONUS OF A 'SINGER' MOTOR CAR

This bonus will be added to the First Prize winning award of her or she is registered as a regular reader of our free Bullets Bulletin by Saturday, July 4.

Price £210

Easy to drive, cheap to run—the ideal family car—see this handsome Sunshine Saloon at your local showroom.

If you are not already registered, use coupon provided and become eligible for this luxurious motor-car in addition to Free Holidays for Life and £3,000!



£3,500 ALLOWED AS CASH ALTERNATIVE IF WINNER OF FREE HOLIDAYS & £3,000 PREFERS ONE LUMP SUM

Other prizes
£50 £200
£25 10 or £5 10 or £2 10
25 or £1 1,000 or 2/6
10,000 TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE A PRIZE "BULLET"

THIS is a big day in *Bullets* history—and it may well prove the turning-point in your life. For a few well-chosen words we offer a Record Holiday Prize, and success will mean for you a £50 Holiday Cheque *every year for life* and a fortune of £3,000 as well!

Settle down with this announcement for a quiet half-hour this evening, first sparing a few minutes with the winning efforts on the opposite page. To make a *Bullet* you have merely to add some apt and original comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS to any of the *Examples* on this page. Thus, against the *Example* ECONOMIC BLIZZARD, the added words, UNTIL ORDERS "SNOWING" AGAIN, would complete a *Bullet*.

Now go ahead with an effort which may win you this week's sensational prize. And if you would add a £210 Motor-car to your reward, make sure that you are registered for our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin* by July 4—there is a reservation coupon on the opposite page.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and Crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(810) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(810) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(810) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Choose from these "Examples"

SHOCK FOR BRITANNIA
UNEMPLOYMENT PAY
BIRD IN A CAGE
STIRRING UP TROUBLE
WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN
MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE
THEIR HOME
DISTURBING THE PEACE
ENEMY IN THE CAMP
IN BABY'S WORLD
KING WITHOUT A THRONE

GROPING IN THE DARK
ECONOMIC BLIZZARD
WOULD BE WELCOME
LORDS v. COMMONS
ELECTRIFIED
LIFE IS SHORT, SO
SLIPPERY SLOPE
BIG BUSINESS
WE MAINTAIN
SONS AND DAUGHTERS
MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR
PASSING
BEARING THE BRUNT
BUY MORE GOODS AND
FATHER'S HOLIDAY

THE HOUSE
A DANGER SIGNAL
MIGHTY USEFUL
THORN IN MY SIDE
THEY WENT HIKING, BUT
PROFITEERS
IN A THOUSAND YEARS
DOCTOR NEPTUNE
ANOTHER BLUNDER
MOSTLY
NINE OUT OF TEN
GETTING MIXED UP
PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
IF JOKES WERE TAXED

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the four chief prizes in Competition No. 810 usually purchase their copies of "John Bull."

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(810) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(810) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(810) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.

Signed _____
Address _____

ADDRESS ENTRY AS FOLLOWS: "Bullets" No. 810, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Washing-up loses its terrors!

This New Greaseless Method costs only a ½d per week

Gone is the dread of greasy washing-up and hands made sore and red by harsh soda.

Simply stir a heaped teaspoonful of Carbosil into a bowl of hot water, then plunge in the dishes, plates and silver. Carbosil tackles the grease instantly. None can escape; every particle is dissolved completely away. And because the tiniest grain of Carbosil does its full share of work a twopenny packet will last nearly a whole month.

You can use Carbosil for cleaning aluminium things as well. Carbosil is recommended by aluminium manufacturers.

CARBOSIL

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

dissolves grease

CAR 69-143 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

Men who marry the Stars

PICTUREGOER
WEEKLY
HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD.
What Constance Bennett, who has been called a "high hat," said to the property-man. The star who sued the editor for $20,000. Why Reno is more popular than ever and why a star, seeking divorce, upset a plan to take a film in "Divorce City." And why Lupe Velez wouldn't marry Gary Cooper even if he were the last man in the world. . . .
THE GARBO GROWL.
"Refaned" accents cut no ice against Greta's Growl and Gary's drawl. Marlene's queer harsh tones are so fascinating. The Stars Talk and how! Chime in on this "talkie."
WHY, OH WHY?
Why are film fans protesting at "The Cat Creeps"? Why is "THE Sea Beast" masquerading under a new title? Why rehash old "s-i-lents" give them voices and put them out under new titles? Read "This Great Talkie Re-hash."
£2000
MEN who Marry the STARS

Look out for Nos. 3 of the new "Picturegoer"— another dazzling number.

WHY is it that screen stars make such disappointing lovers away from the studios? Why, do you suppose, did Phyllis Haver throw up a film career to marry a New York politician? Why did Janet Gaynor marry a San Francisco lawyer when she could have had the pick of the matrimonial film market? Why did Jeanette MacDonald marry a broker after reigning as queen in Hollywood's social whirl? Why does the outsider win? This intriguing question is answered fully in the "Picturegoer"—another sparkling number—which will greet you tomorrow, Friday, June 19.

NEWS RED HOT!

Pictures as dazzling and alluring as a Max Sennett bathing girl—news that is *really* red hot—features exclusive as a Hollywood dinner party—no wonder the new "Picturegoer" is sending film fans scurrying to the bookstalls!

PICTUREGOER WEEKLY 2D

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE

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